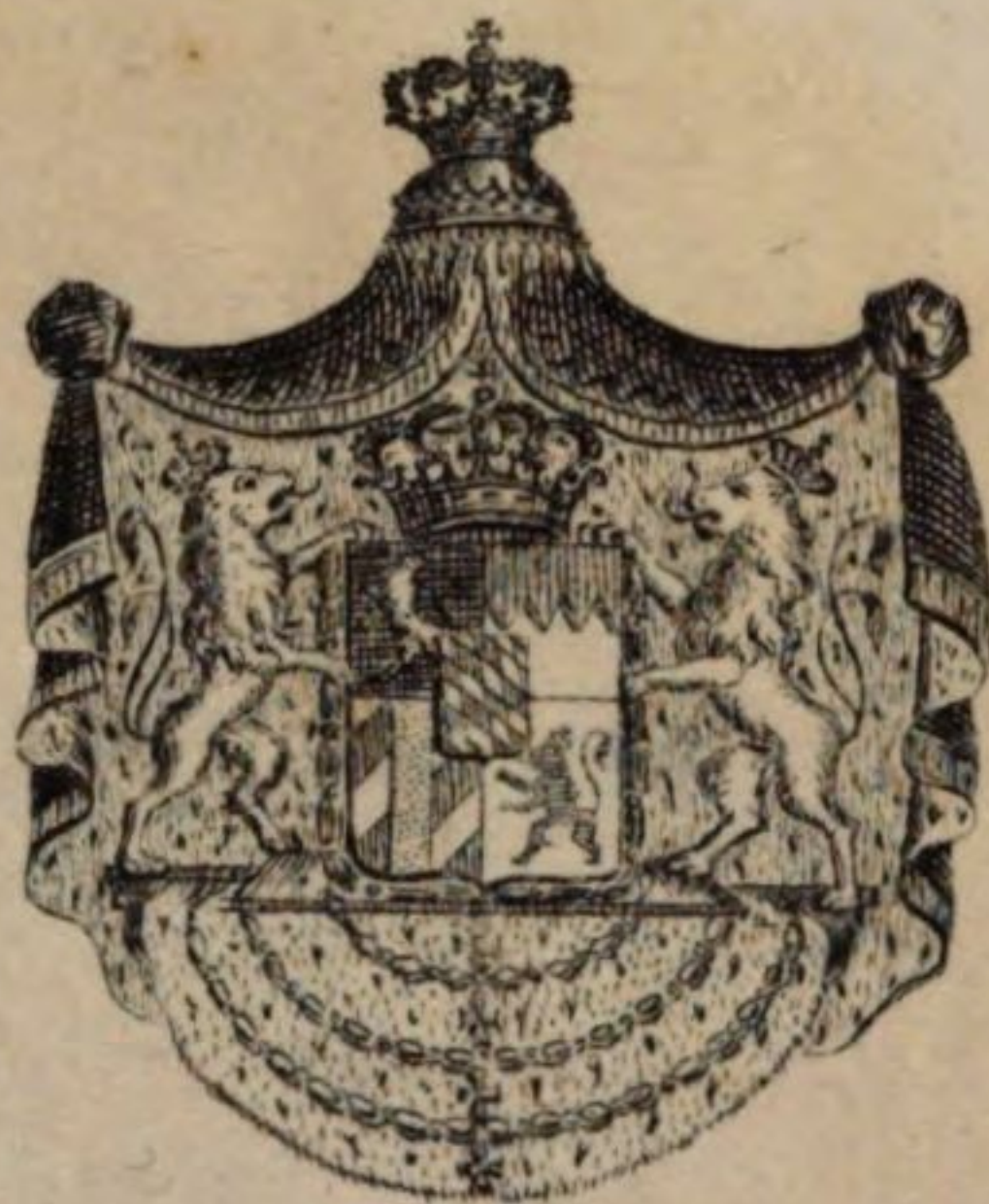




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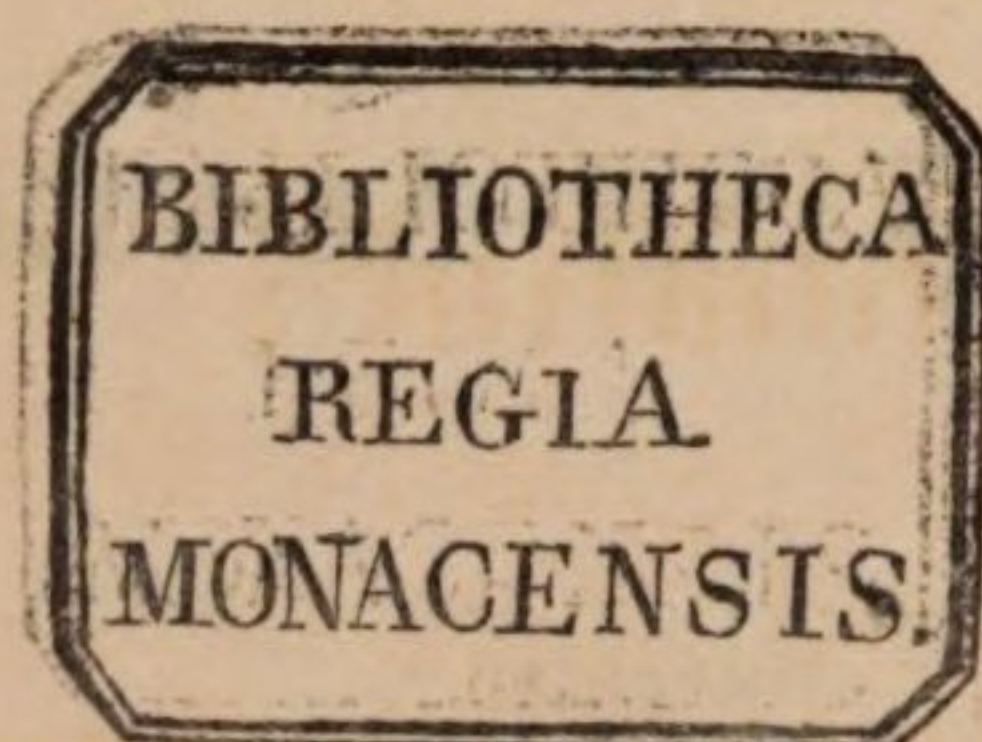
BY THE

**MOST POPULAR AND FASHIONABLE WRITERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.**

IN FIFTY VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

Annaline ;

or,

Motive=Hunting.

CHAP. XVIII.

ANNALINE during her delirium referred in an incoherent manner to all that had happened to her. Sometimes she called for her beloved Abbess and Frances and Irene, then mentioned Henriad's name in a whisper and was silent. She often asked for Vélavo, and several times inquired for the story of the dying soldier, and said that it was among her clothes.

Her unwearying attendant, desirous of gratifying every wish she expressed, sought for it and found it; before she returned with it Annaline had fallen

asleep. Her nurse sat down and gazed upon her with affection until her tears traced each other down her cheeks.

To whyle away the tedious hours of the night she opened the manuscript and read a few lines, then looked at its stained leaves, and then read on. As she read, her face became pale, she trembled, her breath came quick, her eyes opened wider, and she sat with looks riveted on the narrative written by her husband, dabbled with his blood.

She raised her eyes and intensely scrutinized the features of the sleeping girl, and with a sudden stifled choking cry exclaimed—"My child, my child!" and sunk senseless on the bed.

The fall and cry awoke Annaline, who unable to rouse her sat kissing her pale neck and weeping, and gently calling her. At length her suspended animation was revived, and she rose and looked around without remembering what had happened. The manuscript caught her eye ; her be-

wildered memory came flowing back into its wonted channel; she first fixed her eyes on Annaline; then pressed her with frantic mutterings to her bosom; then put her from her as far as her arms would reach, and gazed again; then clasped her with greater violence, and half sobbed, half cried over her. Annaline looked wildly on her and said—

“Sister, why do you weep so, why caress me so much? I know you love me; you love me like a mother.”

Mariana had no control over her feelings, and those words so overwhelmed her that she again sunk down by her long lost child, who sat and cried over her and sung in a wild and plaintive tone, and bade her wake up and kiss her. When Mariana recovered, poor Annaline had relapsed into indifference, and took no notice of her, which gave Mariana time for reflection, who, knowing where she was and by whom surrounded,

resolved not yet to mention the secret she had discovered.

When she learned that Marenzo had been carried off, and that the Marquesa di Sularia was the protectress of her child, she was alarmed, but resolved to act like one who strove for her child and for life. Her anxiety was relieved by observing that Annaline's fever decreased, and that reason was returning with reviving health.

The following night, though desirous of continuing the narrative, she was not able, and her companion Marvieda sat by Annaline while she slept. On the ensuing night she read on thus.

The Manuscript given by SINFANO to
ANNALINE.

" I HAVE taken the command of a part of the army and arrived with the greatest despatch at Salta to assist the Spanish

forces there in suppressing the revolt of Tupac Amaru. This daring and able native declares that his countrymen are oppressed by their conquerors, and that the time of their deliverance is at hand, that the Incas must be again established, and the natives of Europe driven from the country or reduced to slavery.

“ The generalissimo of the Spanish army is my deadly enemy—the Marquess di Sularia. I have ascertained through a powerful relative that this favourite of the monarch has traduced me to him, and even hinted suspicions of my loyalty. With his royal sanction I have continued to serve the house of Braganza unless a war should ensue between Spain and Portugal. Affection and friendship for the prince first induced me to ally myself to him; now, alas, necessity would compel me to continue here if those ties did not exist, for his expenses, my own folly, and the accusations made to the Holy

Office, have involved my estates beyond redemption. A spirit of enterprise led me here fourteen years ago, and to bring with me my wife the Countess Isabella Matagorda. I loved her as a man loves a woman who is devoted to him, and who, with tenderness and judgment hallowed by piety, endeavours to lead him from the paths of error, and to subdue those feelings which he knows are not to be defended, and who turns aside his wayward anger with words of love and gentleness.

“ Often have I seen her tears shed for me, and as often with bleeding heart repented and vowed never again to give her cause for grief, and then with all the weakness of humanity have repeated my error, and repented and been forgiven.

“ She had not resided long in these torrid regions before she gave birth to a son. Before many days had elapsed her pure and noble spirit winged its way

to regions where is everlasting life and joy.

“Until that hour I knew not what grief was, and like one unaccustomed to real sorrow bent beneath it, and felt neither submission to the will of Heaven nor resigned under the conviction that it was justly and wisely ordained.

“For more than a year I shut myself from the world, gave up my hours to loud complaining and looking on my child, who resembled Isabella. The climate began to affect it; I therefore hastened to Europe. On reaching Lisbon I learned that my friend the prince had gone to visit some distant province, and would afterwards proceed to Paris. This disappointment rendered me still more discontented. A wily reptile, falsely called a philosopher, supplied me with sophistical and dangerous books on matters of faith, until I reviled in my heart the decrees of Heaven, and thought that

man was sent into this world to be cursed and punished for crimes committed in some prior state of existence. Under this impression I more than once thought that it would be merciful to destroy my babe ; unless it had resembled Isabella, perhaps under the delusion I should have perpetrated the horrid act.

“My uncle Don Cisneros being ambassador from the Spanish court to the English I went to London, as I had many affairs of consequence to transact with him, and remained there a year. His consistent conduct and enlightened views of the governance of this world tended to restore my morbid state of mind. Don Cisneros, thinking that occupation would rouse me, sent me with despatches and information of consequence to Madrid. While there I renewed my acquaintance with Count Napoli.

“Isabella, as the icy hand of death was congealing into dimness those eyes that

had ever beamed on me with love and anxiety for my welfare, said—

“ ‘Julian, seek some one to be to you what I have been. There was one who loved me as a child, and whose springing virtues gave fair promise of expanding into all that is just and good in human nature; if she still lives, and has not loved, try to win her, and to aid your suit tell her that Isabella with her dying breath besought you so to do.’ ”

“ Of this I thought no more until I saw Count Napoli. I felt insulated in life, and my ardent nature could not endure that my feelings should prey upon me and waste away. I sought his society and went with him to his chateau, where I found his mother and his lovely sister Mariana.

“ She was to me a being radiant in beauty and in virtue. I loved her as soon as I witnessed her manner and warm and guileless conduct. I loitered

there, and when an opportunity presented itself told her that I loved her. She was surprised, and owned that she had never thought of me. I repeated Isabella's words, implored her to be secret, and that in a few days I would again ask her if I might hope to be her husband.

"Accident enabled me to be with her often. When the time expired I again declared my love, and was accepted, if in six months my affection was not diminished. She communicated with her mother, who spoke to Count Napoli of my offer of marriage.

"His rage knew no bounds; but he restrained it before me, and proposed our returning to Madrid.

"I left Mariana with reluctance and forebodings of evil. Three days after our arrival at Madrid he left me and returned to his chateau. Without hesitation he compelled Mariana to become the

boarder in a convent, and swore that she should either marry the Marquess di Sularia or take the vows. He loaded me with opprobrious titles, and declared his determination to avenge my thwarting his wishes.

“It was some time before I discovered the retreat of Mariana, and it was several weeks before I could convey to her intelligence of my being near her. She told me that she loathed the dark and louring Sularia, and would resist as long as she was able the vows which her brother threatened to compel her to take; she earnestly desired me to leave the place where I was. I obeyed and went to St. Julian; soon after the Prince of Braganza came incognito to stay with me, and to consult me on the state and government of the colonies of America.

“Once when hunting we were separated from the body of the chase, and pursued a wolf to its lair, from which one

of the hounds never returned: as night was coming on, and we were greatly fatigued, we determined to rest in a sequestered spot not far from the cave of the wolf, but where a gushing stream and mountain lake had cherished some shady trees. A chasseur named Pedro was with us, his proved fidelity made me always keep him near me.

“ During the night the prince, who stood sentinel, wound his bugle, and up we started; several shot were fired, and five armed men came rushing on us. We sprung on them; soon four were left dead upon the ground, a fifth remained, whose great activity and strength enabled him to defend himself and then escape. My blood thrilled through me when, on turning up the body of the leader of these midnight assailants, I saw the face of Count Napoli. The other three were men we did not know. For sufficient reasons we hid them in the cave

where the wounded wolf had taken refuge, and made Pedro swear that he would keep the secret.

“ On the following day I hastened to the spot where Mariana was confined, and learnt that Count Napoli and Sularia had been there, and were aware of my having visited the place, and held communication with his sister. She was at that time narrowly watched, and assured that she should soon become the wife of Sularia. I was deeply afflicted at having, perhaps with my own hand, slain her brother, though in self defence. Dreading discovery, as the loss of Mariana would be the consequence, I resolved to obtain her and sail for South America.

“ The prince appointed me to succeed to the government of La Plata with the proviso that I should command any army sent to assist the Spanish forces.

“ My affairs were soon arranged, a ship at Cadiz ready to sail was retained,

and my son left to the care of Don Cisneros. I proceeded with three chosen and faithful domestics who were devoted to me, to the convent near Seville. One of these men was attached to the attendant of Mariana, through whom a correspondence was held.

“ On the evening of the celebration of the martyrdom of Saint Catharine, it was planned that myself and men should take possession of a low postern door of the chapel which the procession of the nuns would pass, and which Mariana would know by her attendant standing there habited like her mistress. Near the postern door were two lofty monuments which obstructed the waning gleam of the distant lamps, and rendered the passage narrow and dark. At the moment she arrived at this spot, one of my followers threw a cloak from behind the monument that startled the nuns. Mariana's attendant mingled with them when

their attention was attracted by this trifling circumstance, and Mariana, under cover of the gloom, stepped into the archway of the low postern, which I instantly closed after us, and we were soon in a place provided for her reception, and where in a private chapel we were united. I bore the pale and trembling woman in disguise to my carriage, which was in readiness about a league from the town. On the ensuing day at the hour appointed for fixing the time of her marriage with Sularia, I was again allied to her at Port Saint Mary's near to Cadiz, while the ship was getting under way to waft us to South America.

“I never heard what was said or done when Mariana was not found; as Count Napoli was dead, and as some disgrace might have been attached to her, and the reputation of the convent injured, I conjecture that the affair was passed over with as little notice as possible. Ma-

riana's mother was informed of her marriage and approved of her daring conduct, to falsely declaring at the altar that she loved and would ever honour the man whom she loathed, and whose cruelty and fierceness were common themes of conversation.

“This crafty man held the chief command in the Spanish colonies, and soon arrived at Lima with his wife, whose vast possessions near Potosi enabled him to repair a shattered fortune and live in princely splendour. In the course of time he ascertained that I was with Mariana in the Portuguese Provinces, and left no scheme untried to ruin me, and possess himself of her. I heard from Spain that he had declared me disloyal, and had hinted his suspicions of my having slain Count Napoli, the favourite of the monarch.

“Two years and more elapsed when a mandate directed me to return to Spain

and answer before the Holy Office charges that had been made against me for the forcible abduction of a woman from a convent. My estates were seized by the officers of the Holy Office, and I was denounced for not appearing.

“ These things were carefully concealed from Mariana, whose virtues, wisdom, and piety fulfilled all that Isabella had foretold. She has taught me to forgive and pray for my enemies, instead of thirsting for revenge; she has instilled into my bosom the heavenly feeling of charity, and made me know how distant is an admiration of the nobler qualities from their actual possession. Her knowledge has removed every gloomy doubt that harassed my soul, and convinced me of the divine foundation of our faith, and the perfection of the system, as far as we poor worms can see, of our hope of retribution and immortality; to her I owe the completion of that Isabella be-

gan, and trust, that with assistance from on high, I may fulfil the anxious hope of the heavenly spirit that has fled, and of the guardian angel she appointed me when called to a more congenial sphere. Whatever I may have suffered from man, whatever I may know of woman, let me record, that I never fully trusted in a woman's friendship and was deceived, I never relied on a woman's aid and was disappointed, I never confided on her word and found it false. That there are many among them who would not realize all that I have met with, is true.

“Time passed, and Mariana was the mother of three babes, the elder was sickly and was sent to Spain to her mother. The pang at parting with that child was like snapping the life chords of her heart, and she has told me that evil will befall it. The other two are infants, the elder has scarcely lisped a sound.

“The emoluments of my office have

enabled me to amass a considerable fortune, which I would fain secure to them, and to my firstborn heir in England. It is deposited in the treasury at Monte Video in my name, and with it my will.

“ Though I have left sealed instructions with Mariana, in case I should fall in the approaching war, I cannot drive from my mind the desire that prompts me to commit these memoranda to writing.

“ Sularia commands the army to which to-morrow's march will bring us—I must see him—we have not met since Mariana fled with me. I know him to be subtle, cold blooded, mercenary, revengeful, and have every thing to fear for my personal safety, and if I fall for the safety of Mariana and my babes. He, doubtless has heard from Spain of my being denounced by the Holy Office, since I have learnt it, not only by the secret mandate sent to me to return, but also

through the prince, who was privately informed of it by the chief inquisitor, and he may use that information to glut his vengeance.

“ It has been told me that he married for fortune, that his wife in character resembles him, and being far from handsome is jealous of Mariana. If so, and I should die, may Heaven protect her guileless soul, and our unprotected babes. I have no real friends among the Portuguese, because I am considered as a foreigner usurping under the prince’s protection their natural rights.

“ I have written to Don Cisneros, he may be no more, so trusting to the protection of Heaven, I shall place these memoranda in my bosom with the hope that he who finds them will convey them to Mariana, or to Don Cisneros ; if to the latter, I request him to pay the bearer five hundred ducats which he holds of mine ; if to Mariana, let her give the

bearer a note to that effect which is in my scrutoire.

“ This paper is more particularly intended to declare when and where my marriage with Mariana took place. To specify in case any evil should happen to her, where the means are deposited that will save them from relying on the cold charity of the world, or living in dependance on their relatives.

“ Should these memoranda fall into the hands of the resentful Sularia, it will not tell him more than he knows, or can easily ascertain. But it contains more than is known to any one excepting Mariana.

“ Should I fall and his machinations succeed, this paper given to Don Cisneros or to the Prince of Braganza may frustrate his intentions, or bring his misdeeds to light ; and may with other documents obtain my sovereign’s permission to my son to assume his hereditary

rank, and his now sequestered estates. I have strange forbodings of evil, and would return, if I could without any imputation on my honour, to Monte Video, and send my wife and babes to England, and regret that I did not do so before I left the place. Blessings await the man who fulfills the wishes expressed in this by—COUNT JULIAN DI SAN MARIAN.”

While Mariana read these memoranda her tears fell unheeded. The wounds that time and prayer had partly healed were all reopened; she shuddered at the thought that her husband's hands might have been soiled with her brother's blood.

The remaining contents of the paper she knew. Her own story after Count Julian's death was sad. The recollection of woes long past came fleeting across her troubled mind like passing phantoms of the dead: some of them

confused and mingled with sorrows which those woes caused, and with evils which were connected with them; (for one sorrow is the source from which many flow). Some of the recollections were distinct, and arrayed in all the horror of reality, and almost supplanted her resignation by repining at the will of Heaven, and even attacked with doubts her belief in the interference of Providence in the affairs of man.

She placed her hand on her throbbing brow, drew aside the lattice, and gazed on the tranquil sky in which the stars displayed their lambent glories. Her eye wandered over the expanse until it met the radiant constellation of the Cross, from before which a dark and threatening cloud was passing: with the sight came the remembrance of her Redeemer, and she wept with greater bitterness at having for a moment suffered her faith and resignation to fail beneath the

blasting thoughts that had assailed her ; she shrunk back, and knelt to ask forgiveness of her error. As she sunk upon her knee the moonlight fell on the pale face of her sleeping child ; she felt yet more abashed at forgetting the unlooked for blessing that had been bestowed upon her, and gave way to tears of humility and sorrow.

Her spirit was calmed by prayer ; she gently placed herself by Annaline's side, and for a time Mariana only remembered that she had found a long lost child, and returned mentally short and fervent thanks to her Heavenly Father until wearied nature was subdued by sleep.

The cooler season was approaching and brought with it returning health to Annaline, and every day Mariana saw her child progressively increasing in bodily and mental strength. Her maternal love flowed as if its natural current had been stopped, and then allowed to return

to its wonted channel. The ardour of her affection, her unceasing attention and solicitude, which she could not conceal, often surprised Annaline, whose grateful heart returned it with such thanks and manner that Mariana could with difficulty restrain her overflowing feelings at finding such a child.

Mariana's unceasing care, and the attention of several of the inhabitants of the convent, accelerated the recovery of Annaline. The greatest cause Mariana now had for anxiety was the fear she endured for Marenzo's safety. Without his assistance she dreaded the influence of the Marquesa, and the power of the Abbess, and was apprehensive that they might deprive her of her child, or compel her to make a premature declaration of the discovery. The former had made inquiries after her at stated periods, and once had been for a long time closeted with the Abbess.

Some weeks elapsed, at the expiration of which Annaline was a convalescent; her anxiety concerning Marenzo was so great as to make her mother anticipate a relapse. An assurance of his being safe was the only means of pacifying her.

The Abbess had of late inquired of Mariana, if she thought her sufficiently reinstated to return to Ledesma, and who had unhesitatingly replied in the negative. She now resolved on communicating to Annaline that she was her child, and of consulting with her on the measures that should be adopted for their safety. She had compiled from memory and documents in her possession, the continuation of her tale after the death of Count Julian.

They retired early to their room, and she led to a conversation respecting the manuscript, and then sat down with her to read it. Mariana commanded her feelings, and as they proceeded commented

on each part, illustrated and explained, and added to it, until Annaline's surprise was greatly excited, and she asked with some agitation—

“How she became so well acquainted with Count Julian's history.”

Mariana turned and gazed on Annaline, and while her heart palpitated, and her breath came quick, said—

“He was my husband.”

Annaline did not speak, but looked on her with amazement. After a short pause, Mariana exclaimed—

“He was your father, and you are my child!” and fell upon her neck and wept aloud. Annaline trembled, and was for a time bewildered: when her mind recovered from the effect of the great surprise she looked at Mariana, faintly cried—“My mother,” and sunk speechless on her bosom. Mariana was alarmed, for she had become deadly pale, and showed

no symptoms of life; the fresh air from the lattice and some pungent odour revived her; as soon as her eyes unclosed, she made a sudden spring, and clung round Mariana, but could not articulate though she tried repeatedly. Mariana gazed on her fixed eyes and pallid face, and felt her convulsive grasp, and with touching cry exclaimed—

“My child! my child! come to your mother’s bosom!”

These words acted like a charm on Annaline’s over-wrought affections, she burst into a flood of tears, and clasping her mother to her, kissed her, then looked on her, and kissed her again and again, and both remained without speaking locked in each other’s arms. The enraptured mother first broke the silence by saying—

“We must not tell that we have found each other or we may again be severed.”

Annaline gazed upon her mother as she replied with firmness—"Never!" Again her tears burst forth, and she continued to repeat—

"Never, no, never more!"

Some hours passed before she was composed. Though the disclosure had checked the progress of her recovering health, and produced a return of fever, it soon subsided, and then the joy at having found a mother seemed to instil into her new life and vigour. She related to Mariana all that she remembered to have happened to her, and the story the Marquesa had told her of her birth. The portion of Marenzo's tale which she had heard was listened to by her mother with great interest, but it increased her apprehensions for his safety. Annaline, being very desirous of hearing the history of what had happened to her after Count Julian's death, the following details were given her to read:—

“The insurrection headed by Tupac Amaru had spread far and wide. The natives over a space of more than eight hundred miles in length were excited to a high degree of enthusiasm by this extraordinary man. He had first attracted their attention and secured their admiration and love by his unceasing efforts to obtain some amelioration of their condition, which was worse than that endured by the children of Abraham in Egyptian bondage.

“He was the acknowledged descendant of the Ynca Sayiri, whom Philip the Second put to death in 1578, and whose kingdom he proposed to reestablish in all its ancient splendour, and to restore his degraded countrymen to their former state and privileges.

“The tranquillity of the first portion of his life had lulled the Spaniards into repose from the watchfulness they usually kept over any native who had claims to

superiority of station from his birth. During that period the young and highly gifted Tupac made himself acquainted with much of that knowledge which events and ages had produced in Europe. He was gifted with fervid eloquence, a manly and striking person, and those manners which at once proclaim superiority tempered by urbanity and kindness. These qualifications and his unbending independance towards the oppressors of his country rendered his influence extensive and substantial.

“ The revolt was at first local, but with the conviction on his part that as soon as the fire was kindled the flames of revolution would burst forth with overwhelming violence. The Spanish corregidor was seized by him, tried, and executed for alleged oppressions and unjust exactions.

“ A multitude without number, able leaders, discipline or arms, flocked toge-

ther from various provinces, and in their first paroxisms of vengeance devoted the Spaniards and their adherents to indiscriminate destruction. Several cities were assaulted and taken, and every European inhabitant massacred.

“Tupac, daring and generous, offended his adherents by his pointed and spirited remonstrances against their sanguinary proceedings. Those who had quitted the recesses of their forests in quest of plunder, and with the hopes of glutting their long restrained vengeance, left him and drew others with them, and marching over the more peopled districts spread havoc and dismay on every side. Tupac was declared Ynca, and pursued for a time his victorious career. His followers being badly armed, and more furious and untractable from the dreadful excesses they had committed, were at last successfully attacked by troops from Lima and others

from Monte Video ; the latter were commanded by Count Julian.

The bands of Tupac were routed and dispersed by him, and many ringleaders delivered over to the civil laws, as he was averse to be the instrument for shedding their blood, when he could avoid it by transferring them to a regular tribunal.

“The Marquess di Sularia commanded in person the forces from Lima. The troops from Monte Video were deemed auxiliaries, as the revolt was confined to the provinces under the dominion of Spain ; therefore general orders relating to the war were given by Sularia. He issued one order to exterminate the rebels when they were found in arms. This order Count Julian did not obey, and for which he was denounced by Sularia as favouring the intentions of Tupac Amaru. Though Sularia was indebted to Count Julian for saving his army from

destruction and his military honour from ruin, he persevered in his insinuations ; and I fear he was stimulated by the recollection that, the man he deemed his enemy had placed him under the deepest obligations.

“ Not far from this spot a great battle was fought ; when the tide of victory was beginning to flow Count Julian received a wound ; I have reason for believing that it was not inflicted by an enemy, but by an emissary of Sularia, for a wounded soldier, since dead, told me that he saw him shot at and stabbed. His loss dispirited his troops, and they retired in disorder. He died on the field, and his remains were brought here and buried beneath the plane tree near the chapel.

“ The intelligence of his death soon reached me. I left my babes with their attendants in charge of those at Monte Video in whom I thought I could confide,

and hastened to the spot in the forlorn hope that the report might not be true, and that he was wounded or a prisoner. My last hope was blasted when his faithful slave showed me where he had buried his master, who had been deserted at his utmost need by those whom he had cherished and advanced.

“This reverse was soon retrieved, and the rebels retraced their steps, leaving this fertile province a wilderness slaked in blood and ashes. Consternation and dismay destroyed in the inhabitants every feeling but that of self preservation. I endeavoured to escape, but the ferocious and exasperated multitude came hurrying forward; my attendants all fled excepting my faithful slave.

“I was taken and condemned to torture, for they ascertained that I was Count Julian’s wife. Fortunately Amaru arrived; half expiring with terror I was borne by these blood-thirsty men amid

savage shouts of joy to the Ynca. I knelt and besought him for my children's sake to spare me. His attempt to show me mercy was execrated by the people. Horror-struck I pleaded that Count Julian had spared the life of a Cacique taken in arms : this chief was a favourite of the rebels ; so they decreed, that if he corroborated my assertion my life should be granted me. The Cacique came and loudly extolled the clemency of Count Julian to him. A signet was given me to ensure my life against the attack of any other leader, and I was released.

“ Accompanied by my faithful slave I reached the nearest town, where, incapable of rising from my bed, I remained several weeks. I saw in my dreams my dying husband calling on his Maker and remembering with his latest breath his wife and babes. I had lost the only earthly thing I coveted excepting my children.

“As soon as I could move I set out on my journey to Monte Video; on the second day I was seized and committed to prison; it was in vain I endeavoured to learn the accusation on which I was confined. Weeks passed and nothing but the recollection of my children prevented me from falling a victim to despair.

“One morning the door of my prison room was opened, and Sularia entered. Without any preliminary remark he said—

“ ‘ You are known to possess papers and information respecting the insurrection of the rebel Amaru, who has paid the forfeit of his crimes. Since your late husband the Count Julian di San Marian has been proved to have held correspondence with him, and to have spared and given liberty to the most conspicuous chieftain of that gang—for which loyal deed you received your life

—to be yielded to the outraged laws of your country.’

“ Shocked at the accusation against my husband, and fearful for the safety of my children, I firmly protested in my husband’s innocence and in my own ; I assured him that the story of the Cacique who was saved from death, I heard from my slave ; and that his having spared a town from massacre was the reason of the clemency shown towards him. The Marquess smiled in utter scorn, and with unblushing brow continued—

“ ‘ You, Mariana Napoli, slighted my proffered hand and fled with a traitor from a convent. You have one means only of saving your body from torture, and your children from infamy, perhaps from death ; that is, to become my wife.’ ”

“ I shuddered at the horrid creature, and bade him torture me, for no torture invented by man in his most fantastic fierceness could equal that of being his

concubine. A vengeful scowl crossed his brow, and he malignantly asked—

“ ‘ Would you suffer torture to save your children ?’

“ ‘ Not that torture,’ I replied; ‘ for they would justly execrate their mother’s memory if I did; and if they live to reach the years of reason, if they are in spirit like their noble father, if they have their mother’s soul, they would rather perish than have her dishonoured for their sakes—I trust to Providence. Now, villain, do your worst.’

“ He seized me by the hair, I screamed and fainted; what immediately transpired I saw not. When my senses were restored I found myself in a cottage on a mat with my faithful slave sitting at my feet. He told me that he had been always wandering round my prison house, had watched Sularia enter, and hearing my scream, raised a tumult; that Sularia, not wishing to be known as the guilty

wretch, made off and left the door unguarded; that he rushed in, folded me in a mantle, and, running through the garden, conveyed me by a private path to the hut in which I was. He proposed to me to fly the same night to the troops Count Julian had commanded, and by whom he was beloved: I embraced his proposal. When the sun had set he placed me on a mule, and, leading the animal, urged it onward. We were hailed within sight of the watchfires of the army, and stopped by a vidette: it was in vain that we assured the soldiers we were going to the Portuguese army, and that I was the wife of an officer who had been killed. The men were obdurate. I offered them the little that remained of the produce of my jewels to escort us to the Portuguese outposts; the sum was too small to tempt them, and they detained us. A field officer rode up soon after, who, on seeing me, called out—‘A prize indeed, the

Countess di San Marian; convey her and that miscreant slave to the general's tent, who will well reward your diligence.' My conductor fled; several shots were fired at him; but I think he escaped unhurt. I prayed, implored; but no tears, no entreaties prevailed: these barbarians hurried me to my deadly enemy.

"He was in his tent, hung with gold and purple, reclining on a lofty couch; before him were spread the richest wines and the produce of the neighbouring district. His officers had retired; he appeared occupied in examining maps and correspondence. As soon as his eyes told him that his victim was again within his grasp, he looked with demonlike delight, and dismissed the troopers, who smiled inexplicable insults as they left me. The tyrant with effrontery instantly said—

" ' So you have reflected, and think it better to yield to me than be tortured, and hear no more of the little victims of

your folly, and so have sought me in my tent at night.'

" Fired with indignation, I replied—

" ' You are a coward, and a villain, and a false accuser: I sought my husband's legions; had I reached them, no Sularia with his minions would dare to insult Count Julian's widow, or many a gallant spirit would punish the insult as it deserves.'

" His anger was inflamed; he loaded me with every vile and shameful epithet, and bade me leave him, and not, for motives too vile to mention, follow him into his tent.

" I readily and hastily withdrew, passed through the sentinels, and was among the huts of turf and branches and the tents erected by the soldiers, and turned my steps towards the watchfires of our army. Again the outposts stopped me. I saw the Portuguese videttes, called to them, was answered, and heard horse-

men coming towards me. At the moment my escape seemed certain, voices from behind me ordered the soldiers near to detain me. I called and screamed to the approaching horsemen to rescue Count Julian's widow. One of the soldiers cast his cloak over my face; in an instant I was borne away to Sularia, who insultingly ordered me to be confined and guarded.

“Some soldiers, more humane than their commander, threw me some litter with their coats; one covered me up and poured some wine into my mouth. I remained nearly insensible until daylight, when I was conveyed in a close carriage back to my prison. The blinds were drawn up, yet I heard orders given to hurry me away, as the Portuguese commander had arrived with his staff and demanded me as being detained in the camp.

“ For two months I remained almost on the point of death in my prison house. One morning my keeper came to me and said—‘ You are liberated, and so troublesome have you been that the sooner you make use of your freedom the better I shall be pleased.’

“ Weak as I was I arose and went out; as I passed the door the man’s wife called to me and said—‘ You have forgotten the parcel left for you.’ I took it, and as soon as I reached a convenient place opened it and found fifty ducats wrapped in a part of an old cloak, with these few words—

“ ‘ From a soldier, who saw and pitied you, and who has been oppressed by Sularia.’

“ I blessed him, and hope that he will find aid and mercy on the day of trouble.

“ The recollection of my children had almost bewildered my mind; so great

was my anxiety to get to them that I resolved to pursue my way, and either accomplish the journey or die in the attempt. I procured a homely disguise, and made some cautious inquiries on the manner of proceeding to Monte Video. It would have been useless to have sought redress against the power of the Marquess di Sularia.

“Two days afterwards I joined a cavalcade bound to Vermejo, and from thence I reached Monte Video with some sick and wounded soldiers. I hurried to my house to seek for my children. The lattices were closed, the door was fastened; I called and called, and wandered round the dwelling, repeating my domestic's name; but all was silent. I endeavoured to gain access to the house, but was unable; after many vain attempts I sat down and wept aloud; my lamentations attracted the notice of a passenger, who, coming to me, asked me ‘Why I

cried.' I told him that I sought my children, who lived there. He replied, 'I fear you will never find them but in heaven; for after Count Julian was reported to have been killed, his widow went to seek him. It was said the children caught the disease, and both were buried in the cemetery of the Carmelites, for I saw their coffins lowered down into one grave.'

"My sorrow was so great that the man was affected. When I said, 'I am Count Julian's widow; Oh, where are my children?' he started back, and in a low tone uttered these words—

" 'He is denounced here, and his widow too; it would be my ruin to be seen holding converse with you—here is money—fly.'

"He threw down his purse and left me. I laid down in the hope that death would release my wounded soul, and let me join my husband and my children.

“Evening advanced, hope still clung to me; and, though almost subdued by despair, I thought that his report might not be true; I bent my steps to the house of some friends; they received me distrustfully, corroborated what the passenger had made known to me, and added that my chief domestic had gone to Ledesma. They gave me a considerable sum, entreated me not to bring down the vengeance of the laws on them, but to leave them. Friendless, reckless, homeless, I wandered until night, then went and wept upon my children’s tomb. With some difficulty an old woman, in an obscure place, was induced to shelter me.

“The following week I resolved to return to Ledesma for the purpose of endeavouring to obtain more accurate accounts of my children. Before I set off I recollected that I had deposited

some diamonds with an agent when I left Monte Video. I went to his house and boldly demanded them. The man remembered me, shed tears at my misfortunes, and gave me their value partly in money and partly in bills on merchants at Lima. The sum was very considerable. He also advised me to go to some distant place in disguise, since it was certain that I should be seized and imprisoned there. With his assistance I was again conveyed to Ledesma. There I found my domestic, who gave me a letter from Spain informing me of the death of my mother and of my sick child that had been sent there.

“ I thought my cup of woe overflowing, and prayed for death. My days and nights were passed in misery and weeping, and even religion afforded me but little consolation.

“ It was my ardent wish to go to Eng-

land, where I might find Count Julian's son; but my means were insufficient, and I knew not where to obtain a supply.

"Don Cisneros has never replied to any letters I wrote to him after I heard of young Count Julian's death.

"The obscurity of my retreat screened me from Sularia. Hearing some months afterwards that he was not far distant, I determined to escape him, and took the vows.

"The hallowed duties of a cloister at first calmed the violence of my unceasing grief; this was followed by some submission to the decrees of omniscient wisdom, and time and prayer have brought partial resignation.

"I have only heard that the Marquess di Sularia was roused to avenge his wife's disgraceful conduct with one Pinbello, and that she left him with her son for Europe. My remaining years have passed in the unvarying occupations of a

convent ; of late my life has not been so tranquil as formerly, for our abbess is austere and never liked me."

Annaline made known to her mother that the manuscript had been given to her by Sinfano ; and minutely described his person ; but she had not a distinct remembrance of any one like him ; his stature only resembled that of an officer who had been with her brother and Sularia.

Kindred hearts, mutual danger, and past misfortunes bound them together by more than ordinary ties. Annaline expressed her wish to take the veil and live with her mother. To this Mariana objected, unless Marenzo had sufficient influence to obtain the archbishop's permission for them to return to some convent either in Spain or England. This permission she knew was very difficult to obtain ; the irregular manner in which

the convent was founded might not subject it to the same precise regulations as those by which more regular establishments were governed.

Though they passed some weeks wrapped up in each other, still their happiness was incomplete and damped by great anxiety for the safety of Marenzo, and at the intimations of the Marquesa's departure for Lima. At last the summons came which threatened to separate them. Annaline wrote to the Marquesa, and entreated to be left in the convent until she returned, and expressed her apprehensions of a relapse if she should be exposed to fatigue and the inconvenience of travelling over a wild and unfrequented country. To this remonstrance she received the following reply:—

“Do you know whom you so presumptuously refuse to obey? My affection for you induced me to place you in a station

far above that in which you were born; now you return my kindness by ingratitude and disobedience. I have long observed your inclination for Marenzo, and deem that the reason of your desiring to remain at Ledesma.

“ I am sorry to tell you that, from information I have received, there is no doubt of his having fallen a victim to his own imprudence in riding to see you at the convent.

“ My character has been reflected on by the occurrence; and therefore I am resolved on going myself, and on removing you from this place.”

The contempt of Annaline at reading the reference to Marenzo was overcome by her sorrow for his untimely death, and at the alarm of being within her grasp. She gave the note to Mariana, who was at first undecided and half subdued. Annaline roused her by saying—

“ I will not obey her, I will not go ; nothing but force shall remove me from this place.”

Mariana’s courage returned at this speech, and she added—

“ I will claim you as my child, and declare that I am not Mariana Modena, but Count Julian’s widow. She will not be so infamous as to deny that you are my child. I know that you are, I feel that you are ; your age—your father’s smile—the look you had from your birth indelibly imprinted on a mother’s recollection—the little mole between your shoulders—You are, you are my child, and they shall not tear you from me.”

As she uttered these last words she clung around her and felt a mother’s courage rising in her bosom, and long subdued feelings come flowing through her mind : she said—

“ I am heiress to Count Napoli, and in my right you will hereafter hold that

title ; some must yet be living who knew Count Julian. I will call on the authorities of Spain to protect me ; and will charge Sularia with the murder of my husband, the plunder of my children, and the subornation of my servants."

After a time their excited feelings were more composed, and they determined to try and obtain some respite ; and if they were not able to effect that, to act with decision.

Annaline returned a cold reply to the Marquesa's note, exculpated herself from her imputations, and told her that she was not prepared to accompany her.

The Marquesa's rage at this opposition knew no bounds, and she soon appeared in a carriage at the convent gate and demanded Annaline. The abbess summoned her, and was not obeyed ; she hastened to their apartment and repeated her orders in person. Annaline calmly besought protection, without obeying the

imperious mandate. The Abbess seized her arm and drew her towards the door. Mariana interposed and held her back. The exasperated Abbess called for help, and ordered Mariana to be instantly confined. She was hurried away, and the massy cell door closed upon her as she called aloud for her child. Annaline attempted to follow her, but was prevented. Though pale and alarmed, she placed herself against the wall, and said—

“That is my mother, I am not the Marquesa di Sularia’s slave, and will not go.”

The Abbess furiously exclaimed—

“Girl, you rave, it is the general for whom you would wait, but my convent shall never be converted into a place of intrigue and baseness, so begone.”

Annaline was shocked and abashed at this public accusation, yet declared with firmness—

“By heavens, you wrong me! I could tell a tale that would make you shudder, and rouse you to shield an unprotected orphan. Mariana Modena is my mother, and nothing but force shall tear me from her.”

The heartless Abbess contemptuously replied—

“The Marquesa, as soon as you came here, very properly warned me of your wily character, of your power of dissimulation, and of all the means that you would take to remain where the general was.”

Then, in a commanding voice, addressed those who stood around—

“Carry her away, and restore her to those who know her capability of deception—I believe not a word she says—carry her away I bid you, or penance and the scourge shall recompense your disobedience.”

Annaline, in great terror, called for her mother, screamed, and resisted in vain; they carried her fainting, and placed her in the vehicle in which sat the cold unmoved Marquesa. Attendants deposited her things, and the convent gates were closed.

The vehicle had entered Ledesma before Annaline had become perfectly sensible. They alighted at the Marquesa's dwelling; she, trembling with agitation and weakness, was supported by two domestics to a chamber, and placed on a couch. In a few minutes after the Marquesa entered and reviled her in the bitterest terms, and threatened to turn her unprotected on the world.

Annaline, who had risen on her entering, though she could scarcely stand, replied—

“I would rather that you should do so than thus revile me and humiliate me;

the time may come when you will repent."

The Marquesa struck her to the ground, vociferating—

"What ! threaten me—reptile, I saved your life and nurtured you."

Annaline fell senseless on the couch ; the enraged woman repeated her blows, then left the room, locked the door, and carried away the key with her. When Annaline's senses returned, and she collected her scattered thoughts, she saw that her clothes were bloody, and found that her mouth was cut and had bled profusely. She washed the blood away, dressed herself, and tried to leave the room, but the door was fastened ; she approached the lattice, it looked into an open court from which there was no outlet. Her hopes sunk, for a time her courage failed her, and she gave way to apprehensions for her mother, and sor-

row for Marenzo's loss. She was roused from these melancholy thoughts by some one unlocking her door; it proved to be a domestic of the Marquesa's who had been in the habit of considering herself Annaline's attendant. When she saw her clothes soiled with blood, and Annaline with her face bound up, she was astonished and hastily putting down the refreshments she held in her hand, knelt to look at her wounded face, and asked with kindness what had happened, and before an answer was returned, told her that the Marquesa had gone out as usual during the evening, and that she had taken the key from the Marquesa's room, and hastened to her with refreshments.

Annaline's first impulse was to escape; but the woman, more alarmed than ever, implored her not to attempt it, and added—

“Louis is here, and will do more for you than you can do for yourself.”

She made no reply, because she had not that confidence in the woman which she had in Louis. The woman, with feelings of mortification, continued—

“Ah, Louis will do any thing for me, and since you do not trust me you shall see him.”

She left the room, remembering to fasten it. In a short time she returned with Louis, who had taken off his shoes and wrapped a friar's cloak round him. He knelt to look at Annaline, who sat with her head bent forward weeping, the sight of her wounded face, her dress stained with blood, and her wretchedness stirred up his anger, and he said—

“Curses on the beldam! My poor lady, be of good courage, be secret, trust to Margaret, I have received some tidings of General Marenzo.”

These last words called Annaline's attention, and she hastily said—

“ Oh, Louis, you are not deceiving me, are you ? ”

The soldier's eye was moistened by a tear, and he earnestly exclaimed—

“ No, by the blessed Virgin ! no, depend on it, you are safe. ”

Approaching footsteps warned him to retreat, and he left the room.

Annaline, though ill and exhausted, was greatly revived at the words of Louis, and laid down and wept, but did not sleep.

On the following morning the Marquesa again appeared, and instead of feeling compunction for the brutal insults she had offered her, threatened her with confinement and farther severity in case of any disobedience to her orders. She at the same time told her, that in four days she should set out for Lima and take her, whether well or ill.

During the day Margaret came to her, but from her Annaline could learn no farther tidings of Marenzo, and nothing of what had transpired at the convent. She prayed fervently, and then endeavoured to recruit her fevered frame by rest.

CHAP. XIX.

BANDA and Itaboca conducted Marenzo through forests, over mountains, rapid rivers, and open meadows leagues across, as if instinct enabled them to pursue a route where no track was seen, nor marks made, by which they could be directed.

As they pursued in silence their lonely way, Itaboca sometimes called with piercing cry for Manahah and Colpac, then sung his native dirge for the dead: at other times his slumbering vengeance woke, and he whetted his spear and whooped a fierce and savage song of destruction on his enemies. Marenzo's endeavours to soothe him were vain, though he promised that if money or exertion could restore him his wife and son, that he should have them again. Kindness only made him weep and call

for them until the solitudes repeated the cry in dying echoes, which the broken hearted man declared were their voices on the winds, and that they followed him from countries full of fruit and birds and streams, and where huts of feathers were prepared for the valiant and the good. Sometimes he fondled Banda's children, at other times he walked foremost, and could not bear to look on them.

Every attention was paid to his feelings, which were not moulded to example nor turned from the impulses of nature. When revenge influenced him, he would vent his anger on the beasts that crossed his way and pursue them with winged speed, and when he had slain them, stroke their furry coats, and weep and refuse to eat of them. His grief added to Marenzo's sorrow; Itaboca, seeing that he pitied him, evinced a degree of attachment approaching to veneration: he made for him bows and

arrows and a spear, and would fain have taken him to distant tribes to raise the men of war, and wreak retaliation on those who carried off his wife and child.

The sun was setting when they reached the summit of a mountain; its level rays illumined every elevated object however distant. Banda and Itaboca, both at once exclaimed, Ledesma! Ledesma! and pointed to the distant town. Their piercing sight distinguished every object, but it was long before Marenzo could discern the specks of light which proved to them that it was the place they sought. He now perceived that they had led him round through an unexplored country on the side opposite to the convent; he did not ask their reasons for so doing; he was convinced that they were sound, and founded on experience.

The following morning Banda rose long before daylight, and told Marenzo that he was going forward to reconnoitre the

country adjacent to the town, and agreed with Itaboca to meet him at an appointed spot. They proceeded with more caution; Banda's sons were so placed as to give an alarm in case they saw any one approaching. They all arrived at the place appointed, and found Banda waiting for them. He looked anxious, yet his dilating nostril indicated that he was pleased with the anticipation of some enterprise.

He told Marenzo that he had been to Ledesma and talked with Louis, from whom he learnt that Pinbello had been the night before in a monk's habit conversing with the Marquesa, and was to meet her that night before ten at the bottom of the orange garden. He had discovered Pinbello's haunt, and also three of a tribe well known to him, who had agreed to capture him when he left the secluded dwelling where he was usually concealed. Marenzo readily comprehend-

ed the whole import of Louis's message, and the use of some things he had sent him.

As Marenzo did not wish to enter the town until the night had advanced, they remained in the recesses of the forest for some hours. Before they moved on Marenzo, to the surprise of his guides and the amusement of the children, dressed himself in the apparel which Louis had sent him. After some consultation Banda and Marenzo proceeded to the orange grove, leaving Itaboca to protect the wife and children of the former.

Marenzo had not remained concealed many minutes before he perceived the Marquesa cautiously advancing. He came forward to meet her dressed in the costume of a monk, which Louis had sent him, and the Marquesa threw herself into his arms, saying—

“My adored Pinbello, I am in alarm for your safety, for by the countenance

of Louis and an expression I heard used by him, I suspect that he knows you are somewhere here. If so, he will seize you, and perhaps discover that you punished that profound young general for his accusation and his arrogance, so as to prevent a repetition of such conduct. You will not leave me yet, if you will not, your demand shall be complied with in a few days—but that troublesome burthen, Annaline, is here, who is no fool—how shall I get rid of her and all my fears—do tell me, my Pinbello?”

Marenzo threw back his cowl and fixed his eyes on the guilty woman, who shrieked and fled; he bounded forward and bade her be silent on pain of the inquisition and death. She was agitated, but finding it was not a being of another world, looked at him with an expression of wrath and malice that almost made him shudder; then muttered in a half choked voice—

“Curses on you—if I am duped, I will have vengeance yet—unhand me.”

Marenzo calmly answered—

“Woman, be silent, or I will call the guards and have you condemned for conspiring to murder me. Your only hope of safety is to be obtained by obedience and confession—if both are not performed to my satisfaction the law shall follow its just course—silence, I say again.”

He took the detected woman to the court, and seeing Margaret, beckoned to her, commanded her to be silent, and go for Louis, who being near soon came overjoyed to meet his master.

The Marquesa was conducted to her private room. Marenzo fastened the lattice, directed Louis to remain in the room, and not allow her to look at any papers, or to open any *escrutoire*. It was in vain that she inveighed against such indignity, she received an answer

similar to what had been given her before.

His first inquiry was for Annaline. Margaret told of all that had happened to her since her return from the convent, then stole softly to her room, but as she was slumbering did not awake her.

Marenzo went for Banda, who immediately set off to inquire if his companions held Pinbello. Orders were given that no one should leave the house either during the night or on the following morning.

Another tried follower of Marenzo's was placed with the Marquesa for a time, that he might learn from Louis what had passed since he disappeared. He was informed that his death was generally believed, but suspicions were entertained of the manner in which it had taken place. Parties of cavalry had scoured the country far and wide, and the next to

him in command had offered a very high reward for the discovery of the offenders, or for any information of the route they had taken; but as no intelligence had been obtained, he had assumed the command, and was then unwell and confined to his room.

He also gave to Marenzo several letters and a packet which had arrived a few days before from Buenos Ayres by a monk, from whom Louis had borrowed the attire in which Marenzo was disguised. On breaking the seals he found that it was addressed to Henriad, he opened it and saw the miniature which Pedro had received from Lora, and read the accounts given by him on his death-bed of her murder. It wrought upon his feelings so much as to deeply affect him, for he had no doubt of its being connected with the Marquesa di Sularia.

Banda returned with information of Pinbello's detention. Marenzo gave him

a written order in case any Spaniard should attempt his rescue, and bade him and his companions bring the prisoner at nine the following morning to the parade. He procured some refreshment, directed the Marquesa to go to rest, placing Margaret in her chamber and the sentinels without, and soon after endeavoured to recruit himself with sleep.

He rose early, dressed himself in his uniform, and when the trumpet announced that the troops had assembled for parade, mounted his charger.

Annaline, finding her door unlocked, hastily left her room with the determination to seek protection, and return to the convent for her mother, about whom her anxiety had hourly increased. She ran along the corridor, at the end of which was a window overlooking the parade. Sudden acclamations of joy and the waving of swords made her turn to know the cause. She saw Marenzo rid-

ing down the line cheered with enthusiasm by his men, and followed by all the officers. On the opposite side she perceived a crowd of natives forcing through the soldiery with a prisoner; she looked steadfastly and knew that it was Pinbello. Her courage rose, she silently thanked Heaven for her deliverance and the anticipation of rescuing her mother. She remained gazing on the scene until the first flow of joy was past, then returned to her room, and on her knees repeated her thanks, then prepared to meet Marenzo. She summoned her attendant in vain, the house seemed emptied of its inhabitants to look on the glorious sight.

On Marenzo's return, she, full of astonishment, welcomed his return with unfeigned tears of joy, and with enthusiasm expressed her conviction that she was again in safety. His thoughtful look checked her from making known to him

what had taken place, or even the discovery she had made, but led her to ask the cause of his unhappiness when thousands were greeting his return.

He answered in a melancholy voice—

“ I have indeed enough to make me sorrowful, although I am most thankful at being preserved, if it were only to protect you. The Marquesa is a prisoner, and has been accessory to my capture, and I fear to my intended death. You shall hear more by this evening. Prudence bids me request you to return to the convent directly.”

To this she readily assented ; but told him that her friend had been confined for protecting her against the violence of the Marquesa and the Abbess. He made no reply ; but the bishop of the western provinces being at Ledesma, he immediately besought his attendance, and obtained a letter to the Abbess commanding her to release Mariana, and pay every attention

to Annaline. This mandate produced the desired effect, and the furious Abbess was all smiles and attention.

Mariana and Annaline met as a child and mother torn from each other by violence would meet. She told her of Marrenzo's return, the Marquesa's accusation, and Pinbello's capture, and was restless to hear more on the subject.

After Annaline's departure the Abbess had summoned Mariana to her presence, reprimanded her in the severest terms, directed her to perform a rigid penance, and to remain in a gloomy cell until she was recalled.

Mariana's arguments and entreaties had no effect on the obdurate woman, but rather tended to increase her anger, and she almost spurned her from her presence. Mariana had given way to the bitterest grief, and thought that her child had been torn from her for ever, to become the victim of her enemy, a mer-

ciless woman. She had resolved on applying to the constituted authorities for protection, and had begun her measures to effect that purpose when Annaline arrived and liberated her from confinement. She heard of the Marquesa's detention and of the crime of which she had been guilty with mingled feelings of horror, and of thankfulness at her child's escape.

The whole of the ensuing day passed without any intelligence reaching them from Marenzo. He had an accumulation of military duties to perform in addition to preferring charges against the infamous Pinbello, and pursuing the necessary measures respecting the Marquesa.

Pinbello was fully committed as a guilty rebel, who had instigated an attack on the soldiers of Spain when beneath his roof, and as a renegade heading a band of ruffians, and carrying off the commander of the forces with the

intention of murdering him. He was chained and delivered over to the constituted authorities.

Marenzo's next care was to secure the Marquesa, who agreed to remain his prisoner, and give him all the information he required on the condition of his not subjecting her to judicial inquiry. His sense of public justice at first revolted at screening the miscreant; but his fear of her becoming sullen, and obstinately determined not to reveal any thing she knew concerning Annaline and himself, induced him to yield to what he deemed requisite.

Banda and Itaboca were not forgotten. The freedom of the former and his family was purchased, and protection afforded them beneath his roof until some suitable home could be procured for them. A great reward was offered for the wife and son of the latter, and orders remitted to

the different posts to detain and examine all slaves on their route.

The well established character for piety, humanity, and superior talents of the bishop pointed him out to Marenzo as a fit person to whom to communicate the whole of the transactions that had occurred since their arrival in the country, and from whom to seek advice how to proceed. He at the same time resolved, if he found his conduct in conformity with his public character, to make him acquainted with every circumstance that had happened to him, and to obtain his assistance in unraveling the mystery, and to farther his designs respecting Annaline.

He despatched an aid-de-camp to him with the minutes of the investigation into Pinbello's conduct, and solicited an audience of him in the evening. The considerate Prelate insisted on being allowed

to visit him, since the fatigue and agitation he had undergone must render tranquillity necessary to him. His guileless manner, his warmth and manly openness of communication (the most convincing proof of his wisdom, since none but the weak and narrow minded make their fear of speaking apparent on every common occasion, and then only because they have not capacity enough to see with quickness what may lead to injurious results and what cannot have any), the deep sorrow arising from a hatred of sin, which he expressed in a manner that art cannot imitate, led Marenzo to make known to him a considerable part of the circumstances without entering into minute detail, and to express his expectations that the Marquesa would confess much that might be of great importance to Annaline and to himself.

The Prelate accorded with him in opinion, and proposed that on the following

day Annaline should be summoned to make known to them whatever she had heard respecting her birth; and that as the Marquesa could no longer be deemed a fit protectress for Annaline, that the sister by whom she had been taken care of during her illness should accompany her. This point the Prelate easily decided on, for he was aware that the asylum in which she was, could with propriety be termed merely a community of women living under monastic regulations; for it was not inserted as a convent in the archives of his extensive province.

After the Prelate left him Louis was summoned and required to relate every circumstance that he remembered to have heard of Count Julian from his father. He corroborated in a few instances some particulars that had been narrated by Pedro, and made known some trifling transactions relating to the Countess

Isabella, which had been mentioned to him by his mother, who had been her attendant. Marenzo asked him if he had ever known the name of Lora. After a moment's hesitation he remembered, that his dying mother, when delirious, had spoken incoherently of a young girl by that name killed in a castle, and that he had considered it a mere phantom of a disordered mind. He added, that it was his intention to have asked his father if there was any foundation for the tale, but he had never seen him since his mother's death.

Louis then mournfully and anxiously asked if any tidings of his welfare had reached him. Alas, replied Marenzo—

“That good and faithful man escaped from Spain, followed me to England, and there sought an everlasting rest from all his woe and care.”

Louis's grief for his father was sincere, and he wept. Marenzo consoled

him, promised him his protection and friendship, then attracted his attention by reading to him his father's account of the murdered Lora. He then desired him to go and try to forget for a while his grief; at the same time gave him a purse of gold and a military appointment superior to that which he held.

Banda took his station as sentinel over the Marquesa.

Very early on the following morning the Prelate's order was despatched to the convent, which was promptly obeyed.

When they reached Ledesma the Prelate and Marenzo were together in deep consultation. Annaline and Mariana entered hand in hand; they saluted the Prelate; and the former then presenting Mariana to Marenzo said, while enthusiastic pleasure beamed on her brow—

“Marenzo, behold my mother.”

He started from his seat; but before he could speak Mariana continued—

“Receive a mother’s thanks and a mother’s blessing for the noble protection you have given to my child.”

He quickly answered—

“Her Christian charity has saved me from a cruel death. The slave she raised and succoured, and the babe she kissed, were dear to Banda.”

Annaline blushed; consciousness of virtue sanctioned the sudden delight that warmed her bosom.

Mariana looked upon her child until tears gushed from her eyes, and a half hysteric laugh escaped her.

The Prelate, whose heart beat quick, and whose countenance displayed the ardour that he felt in witnessing the effects of goodness, being apprehensive for Mariana, diverted her attention by gently taking her hand and saying—

“Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.”

“ Kneel, my child, and receive my blessing.”

The venerable man raised his eyes to heaven, and, as the tear dimmed them, with tremulous voice implored the protection of the Most High for her, who knelt meekly before him with her hands crossed on her bending bosom.

This action calmed the agitation of Mariana, and enabled them to more readily compose their thoughts.

Marenzo inquired the manner in which the discovery had been made. He was informed by Mariana, who produced the manuscript, of the circumstance that led to it. The Prelate took it, and bade her continue. She said that the story was long, and that her spirits were too much overcome to tell it, but that Annaline (or rather Isabella, for she had been named after the friend of her mother) had some memoranda which she had

written for her. These were given to the Prelate.

Marenzo then proposed to them to rest and refresh themselves, and conducted them to another apartment. They had not been there long before Banda brought his wife and children to them: the poor woman knelt and kissed her feet; she raised her and sweetly smiled, for she could not bear to see a "fellow mortal and earthborn companion" so humiliated. She did not remark Banda staring with mute astonishment at Mariana, whose attention was attracted by her child and the grateful woman. When her eyes turned towards him he cried aloud—

"My master Count Julian's wife;" and sprung forward, and kneeling at her feet pressed her hand to his lips, and was unable to express his joy; he hid his face in his hands and laughed and sobbed, then gave way to unbounded

joy. Mariana called him, thanked him, caressed his wife and babes, told them in a few words that he had preserved her from destruction, until poor Banda said—“ Me now die happy,” and hurried from the room.

Some hours elapsed before Marenzo appeared: when he learned that Banda was the slave of whom he had just read, his surprise and pleasure for a season banished the sorrowful and troubling thoughts that the perusal of the manuscripts had added to his already harassed soul. He told them that the Prelate would return in the evening, and hold a conference with them. In the interim Marenzo inquired of Mariana concerning her other children, and by general remarks prepared her to bear any disclosure that might be made by the Marquesa respecting them. He ascertained that she had never seen Count Julian's son,

and did not remember any thing which might lead to a confirmation of his person in case he was alive.

Before the conference took place Mariana expressed a great desire to hear the history of Banda after he fled from her the night she was detained by the Spanish outposts. He came, and after some difficulty was induced to seat himself on a rug, and told a tale, the substance of which was thus—

“ He ran with his utmost speed to the Portuguese army, and made known that Count Julian’s widow had been seized on her way to them by the Spanish outposts and carried to Sularia. The fear of bringing on an open rupture induced the then commanding officer to refuse some gallant spirits, Count Julian’s friends, to hasten and demand her, but sent an escort, which Banda accompanied, and a request that bore the character of a demand. The wary Sularia had re-

tired, and was some time before he was prepared to receive the message. He smiled, and said that he was not acquainted with the person of the countess, but a madwoman professing attachment to him had pursued him to his tent, whom he had dismissed and directed to be sent back on the following day to the town from which she came, and that they might find her somewhere in the camp.

“Search was instantly made; but some minions of Sularia conducted them in every direction excepting the one in which they knew she had gone: so after a useless inquiry they returned to the army.

“The shrieks heard by the videttes, and the continued assertions of Banda excited suspicions and so much discontent among the men, that it was deemed prudent to desist from pursuing the inquiry, and allow the matter to pass over.

“The troops never acted in alliance with the Spaniards so well afterwards.

The insurrection of Tupac Amaru being suppressed, they returned to Monte Video; Banda accompanied them, heartless for the loss of his mistress.

“On his arrival at their house, he found it deserted, and heard Count Julian denounced. He raised his voice against the cry, and was seized, scourged, and sent to labour at the public works; from which he escaped after some months, and returned through the woods to Ledesma, in the hope of finding the countess. Every inquiry proved fruitless, and he left Ledesma for the forest. He married and had children who were living; their mother had long been dead. After a considerable period he married again; during a severe famine his resources were so reduced that he ventured near some settlement, was seized, and condemned again to slavery, and sold with his family to a Spaniard near Ledesma, whose bru-

talities to his wife and himself roused his vengeance, and he fled with them, after Annaline had saved her from punishment, and joined a band of deserters who had united for mutual safety, and led an independent life almost beyond the reach of their enemies. It appeared from his account that Pinbello came to them, and by bribes and promises induced them to go out and waylay Marenzo."

The sequel excited in them feelings of dread though the danger was over, and increased thankfulness to that Providence which had made the way for his escape. Marenzo considered his evidence of consequence towards establishing Mariana's claim, and bade him not to go far away until he heard from him.

In the evening Marenzo and the Prelate met, and were soon joined by Mariana and Annaline. The former answered so openly and clearly the interrogatories

put to her by them, that not a vestige of doubt existed in their minds of her being the mother of Annaline.

Marenzo related at length the account he received from Pedro of the attack made on Count Julian when separated from the chase, and palliated, for Mariana's sake, the conduct of her brother for whom she grieved. He produced the half obliterated letters he found in the cavern, and asked her if she could interpret their contents. Mariana was at first confused; for time with silent hand had been erasing from her mind the recollection of things long past, yet the recent discoveries gradually restored the waning memory to a clearer remembrance of all that was connected with her marriage to Count Julian.

After examining the fragments of writing before her, and endeavouring with painful efforts to trace some associations of ideas which would lead her to recall

their import, she placed her hand upon her brow and said with emotion—

“ I think I can interpret them. If I do so for my child’s sake, I pray you not to tarnish the memory of my erring brother; his pride and love for me led him to do the rash act; Heaven have mercy on him.”

She wept bitterly, and it was long before they could console her. When she became calmer, they gently assured her that a full developement would be necessary to remove the stigma on Count Julian’s fame, and reinstate her children. The last words reanimated her, and she replied—

“ The alternative is terrible to me; but fall who will, my husband’s honour and my children’s rights are my holiest duties and my earliest care.”

She seemed to have imbibed new life and vigour, and continued—

“ I deem the first to have been written

by the father confessor of the convent in which I was first placed, and may be thus filled up—

“ ‘ It is true *that Count Julian di San Marian is to be in Guadalajara on the celebration of the Martyrdom of St. Catherine—Meet me in the cloisters of St. James, where we consult on the best measures for preventing an alliance not pleasing either to yourself or your family.*’

“ The second is the writing of the Marquess di Sularia, and may I think be thus made out—

“ ‘ Count Marian loves her, but shall never possess her as long as I exist. The king detains me at Madrid; so on you must devolve the task of preventing the completion of his project.’

“ The third and last is my own, which was given by a faithless friend to my brother; it was addressed to my husband—

“ ‘ Marguirita has this moment told me that she fears our enemies are plotting your destruction. Think of me, and if you value your Mariana avoid the danger which threatens you, and either remain guarded within your castle or fly with me. I live in inexpressible anxiety. —MARIANA NAPOLI.’ ”

The venerable Prelate remarked to Mariana—

“ You have filled up many links in the chain of evidence ; be calm and collected, and remember that Providence makes the machinations of men the means of their own confusion ; therefore consider yourself as now fulfilling its intentions ; for, although it leaves man free to act, it renders his actions subservient to great ends—even the sorrows and deprivations we endure are either punishments, trials, or the wise ordinances of that overruling power that makes all things work toge-

ther for our good. If Count Julian's children were cut down like flowers, remember, Mariana, that he profaned a temple, and brought scandal on those devoted to their God, and that you were an accessory. Whatever may transpire respecting your children, consider that it is past and cannot be recalled, therefore let resignation prove your submission to the will of Heaven."

Mariana bowed her head to conceal her emotion, and Annaline, as she pressed her to her, shed silent tears that dropped on her mother's bosom. They were all affected and did not speak for several minutes: the Prelate, whose tears had chased each other down his furrowed cheeks, at length said—

"Mariana, the blessings of Heaven beam on your latter days; trace the unerring hand and wisdom of Providence in all that has happened to you, and the sunset of your days will end in glory,

and leave its latest hues imprinted on the memory of your child and friends. Now raise your courage to look on what Marenzo will produce."

He with some agitation showed a copy of the seal ring the Marquesa had given to Lady Eglington, and pointed out the remnant of the impression on the envelope of the letter. Then he unfolded a paper, and asked her if she knew the miniature. She looked on it with surprise, and replied—

"It was painted from me for Count Julian; my eldest child carried it with her to Spain."

A pallid hue overspread Marenzo's face; he paced the room with unequal steps and groaning aloud, said—

"I cannot tell it; let it be buried in oblivion."

Mariana arose and firmly articulated, though with a hollow voice—

"If it relates to my child, I obtest you

tell me; let me hear the worst; it is mercy compared to the anguish I am in to hear of my child's doom."

The Prelate took Mariana's hand, entreated her to be more composed, and remember what he had said.

She fixed her eyes on Marenzo, and exclaimed—

"Tell me of my child; I'll hear it, or I will follow you to the grave."

Annaline clung round her mother. Marenzo at the same moment promised to tell her all he knew if she would only be calmer. The excited mother sat down, saying—

"Well, I will be—Now tell me—You have promised me: my poor sick baby—what of her?"

Marenzo saw that it would be wiser to give her the whole account which he had received from England. She hastily unfolded the manuscript, and with An-

naline read on. Marenzo dared not observe them, but turned his head away, and every now and then looked round. The venerable Prelate sat leaning on the table covering his brow with his hand, and watching them unperceived.

They were agitated, the colour left Mariana's cheeks, and then rushed back, and her bright eyes lightened with indignation when she read of *Lora's* barbarous treatment. Annaline pressed closer to her, and uttered short exclamations of horror. Mariana's bosom heaved, the colour forsook her lips, and she sunk uttering a faint scream senseless on the ground. Alarm alone prevented Annaline from sinking also. It was long before her suspended animation was restored; then she was carried to her chamber. Marenzo and the Prelate remained absorbed in grief until the midnight bell warned them to separate; neither of them slept that night.

Marenzo made early inquiries for the sufferers, and learned that they had passed a night of tears and misery; but towards morning they had slumbered in each other's arms. He ordered silence to be preserved through the house. As his public duties demanded his presence, he left them, in the hope that Mariana would be sufficiently recovered by the evening, to renew the subject.

Numerous inquiries had been made for the Marquesa, who was reported to be unwell. She had endeavoured by various means to induce Margaret and her sentinels to convey a letter to Pinbello; but they were not to be bribed, and even would not allow any domestic to approach her room. Finding herself guarded by incorruptible servants, she endeavoured to gain some intelligence of Annaline; but as their orders were not to answer any inquiries, they obeyed them. She then requested permission

to write to Marenzo ; this was granted. She, ignorant of the discovery of the Countess Mariana, and of the information they possessed, penned an artful and submissive letter, pleading the fear of being detected in a guilty intercourse with Pinbello, his unbounded influence over her, and his consummate art, as the causes which led her to conspire against his life ; entreating his forgiveness, asserting her repentance, and beseeching him to allow her to retire to the convent, and pass her remaining days in obscurity and in attempting to obtain forgiveness for her crimes.

Marenzo replied—"That in the evening he might probably require her attendance."

Before the hour appointed by the Prelate for their meeting, he told Mariana all that had happened to him, and commented on the connexion it appeared to have with the subject they were then in-

vestigating. He begged her to prepare to meet the Marquesa, who had not been informed of her being there, or of the discovery of the seal, or letters, or of the death of Lora. At that name Mariana uttered exclamations of poignant sorrow mingled with feelings approaching to revenge. Marenzo and Annaline gently soothed her, and bade her leave vengeance to Him who hears the widows and the orphans cry. Annaline's fervent piety touched her mother's heart and renewed her religious impressions, the strength of which human passions had for a time decreased.

Marenzo spoke again with force and eloquence of her husband's memory being dishonoured, and of its reflecting on her child. That chord in her bosom seemed to vibrate to the touch and nerve her. It required a most skilful hand to guide her high and ardent spirit wrought up

almost to distraction and almost overwhelmed with the sudden and unexpected discoveries that were making. Marenzo would have taken more progressive steps, but her high state of excitement made it impracticable for him to pursue the dictates of his better judgment.

Annaline though deeply afflicted, and partaking of her mother's character, had been early taught to regulate her mental affections, and though she participated in every thought and feeling of her mother, she kept them in subjection, that she might afford her assistance and consolation.

The venerable Prelate passed some time with them; and by his conversation and promises of unceasing exertion to obtain justice for her husband and herself, greatly soothed her, and made her better able to sustain the approaching conference.

The Prelate and Marenzo had consulted together before Mariana and her daughter joined them.

They had in the course of the day visited Pinbello in the cell, but could not induce him to speak. The Corregidor had threatened to put him to the question on the following day, and inflict a severer punishment on him after, unless he showed some signs of penitence, and proved them to be sincere by communicating all he knew of the Marquesa's former life. Marenzo besought the Prelate to appoint some good and persuasive minister to attend him and endeavour so to work on his obdurate feelings as to give some hope that he would not only escape the dreadful torture which was to be inflicted, but that he would by true contrition seek to appease the wrath denounced on hardened sinners who scorned to hope for mercy through their Redeemer's atoning sacrifice.

The Prelate promised to write to the Corregidor to postpone the intention of applying the question until he had visited him; for the holy man, though a deadly enemy to sin, remembered that it was his duty to save, if possible, a soul rushing to the brink of perdition.

The evening was advanced before they met. Mariana and Annaline were between the Prelate and Marenzo; before them was placed an empty chair. The former had drawn a thick veil over her, and sat in mute expectation. The door opened, and the Marquesa was conducted to the vacant seat. Although her face was pallid, she was not agitated, her eyes bespoke the tempest that was smothering in her bosom.

Marenzo by his stern and scrutinizing look awed her and compelled her to withdraw her eyes from Mariana and Annaline. The Prelate, whose pious indignation had been fired by her presumptuous

air and vengeful look, in a solemn voice addressed her—

“Presumptuous sinner, though guilty of a crime which should cover a woman with shame and confusion, though convicted of thirsting after innocent blood, yet I see that vengeance is raging in your heart. Does your conscience still slumber, or have you forgotten that you cannot escape from the wrath to come but by humility, tears, unceasing prayer, and deep contrition? By your Saviour’s hallowed name, I obtest you, think of your immortal soul, add not to your blood-stained crimes by such obdurate impenitence.”

The Marquesa scowled on him, returned a scornful smile to his words; then fiercely added—

“If headlong passion has hurried me into guilt, let not hypocrites exhort me to repent.”

Marenzo stopped her by uttering in a voice that prevented all reply—

“Woman, on your life be silent, and add not false accusation and scorn at your Redeemer’s name to the measure of your crimes, or the dungeons and discipline of the Holy Office shall be your preceptors ; think not that you have children here to scare by frowns and haughty words. It is time that you should be taught submission and humility, as steps that may lead to your repentance. Listen and reply with veracity to the interrogations put to you.”

He then briefly told her of the discovery of the cave, of his attempted assassination, and some other circumstances ; to which she coldly replied—

“What have I to do with Count Julian’s midnight frays, or with robbers attacking you in a distant country ?”

“Do you know if any reason exists that would render my death desirable ?”

“ I should be rid of my accuser.”

Annaline shuddered and clasped Mariana's arm; the holy father raised his eyes to heaven.

Marenzo, approaching her, continued; let me question you on a still more trying point—

“ Do you know where Count Julian's children are ?”

The Marquesa's face became deadly pale; but she fixed her fiery eyes on his and answered—

“ In their graves.”

“ Where is the one sent to Spain ?”

“ I know not, I never saw her.”

“ Never ?”

“ No, never.”

“ Not at the castle of Matagorda ?”

Her bosom heaved, but she showed no farther signs of agitation, and firmly answered—

“ No, not at Matagorda.”

He then produced the miniature, and asked—

“Do you know whose miniature that is?”

Her lips quivered as she said—

“It bears some resemblance to the late Countess di San Marian.”

Now, said the Prelate, I will read to you some account of the person who possessed that portrait. As he read to her Pedro's account of Lora's death, Marrenzo's eye seemed to penetrate her inmost thoughts. When the part detailing her murder was being read, her vengeful expression was gradually supplanted by astonishment mingled with alarm. Mariana could no longer restrain her bursting anguish, she threw off her veil as she rose, exclaiming—

“You are the murderess of my child.”

Terror seized the Marquesa, and she shrieked aloud—

“O, I am undone; it’s Mariana Napoli. I did not murder your child; by heavens, I did not.”

The frantic Mariana loudly and wildly demanded—

“Where is Juliana, have you murdered her too? Tell me, or I will bring a mother’s curse, a mother’s vengeance on your head—Tell me—monster, where’s my child?”

The Prelate tried to withhold her, but she sprung towards the Marquesa, and again called out in agonizing accents—

“Give me my child. What, the blood of one innocent not enough to glut your jealous vengeance—have you murdered her?”

Annaline, whose countenance portrayed almost equal excitement with her mother’s, knelt and vehemently said—

“I implore you by your Saviour’s name to tell us where she is; add not the an-

guish of suspense to your horrid deeds. Where is my sister?"

Mariana suddenly knelt by her side, and with heart-rending voice and tears added—

"I also will kneel to you. Tell me, I implore you, where my child is—for mercy's sake tell me; Mariana Napoli supplicates at your feet—O, where's my child?"

The Marquesa, though attempting to resist this appeal, while cold drops of perspiration fell from her brow, and every limb trembled, said, with half articulated words—

"She died in a convent near Segovia."

Marenzo with emotion demanded—

"How and why did she die there? miscreant, confess."

"She twice endeavoured to escape, and perished."

"How? by whom?"

“By the convent laws?”

Mariana was kneeling with her eyes fixed on the Marquesa, then burst into a paroxysm of grief, and with Annaline uttered piercing cries of anguish.

The Marquesa turned away and trembled yet more. The Prelate bade her “Look on the victims of her vengeance and repent.” She made no reply, but groaned, and at the same time ground her teeth as if she longed for vengeance, and was overwhelmed at being detected.

Marenzo seized her arm and hurried her away to her room and left her.

He afterwards supported poor Mariana to her chamber, and said as they passed along—

“Would to heaven you had listened to me, you might have been spared some portion of this agony.”

She faintly replied—

“Marenzo, I should never have been at peace unless I had heard and seen

what I have." She stretched her arms to Annaline and said—"Come to me, my only child, and let us weep until Sorrow herself shall come and pity us."

It was in vain the Prelate tried to console her. She had lost her children, and "would not be comforted."

When Marenzo returned to the Prelate he remarked—

"Alas, it was in vain I prayed to communicate what I learned. She had heard too much from Annaline, and is so wrought on by the manuscript of her husband and the discovery of her child, that she threatened to come uncalled for, unless I allowed her to be present, and to see and hear all that passed. I am sorry now that I was not firmer. Annaline too wrote a note to me this morning, and begged me not to refuse their request. What must be done with this woman?"

The Prelate answered—

“ She must be sent to Spain; the death of Juliana must be investigated, and her testimony will be required.

They parted, after promising to meet when the Prelate had visited Pinbello.

CHAP. XX.

THE cell of Pinbello was opened early on the ensuing morning to admit the venerable prelate. The guilty man was seated on a stone near a bed of straw with his arms folded, from which descended heavy chains that confined his feet and limited the extent to which he could move his limbs. A melancholy gloom clouded his countenance: he raised his head to see through the obscurity who had entered his dungeon; on perceiving the prelate holding a crucifix in his hand, he gazed on him with a vacant stare, then laughing in scorn, asked—

“Why are such fooleries sent to me? let me be tormented and destroyed.”

The prelate solemnly rejoined—

“The torments your stubborn nature

might endure ; to destroy your body would be easy ; but remember that no mortal has power to destroy the soul ; that must return to God who gave it, and render an exact account of all the deeds done in this state of existence, and receive retribution."

Pinbello started from his seat, his heavy chains clanged with the violence of the movement, he stamped, raised his arms, shook his loose and grizzled locks, and with a voice of fury mingled with scorn, exclaimed—

"Away with you—cease your priestcraft and shameful falsehood—from the dust I came and shall to the dust return, and be void of sense or innate power of motion ; like a plant or ephemeral insect I was formed, existed, and must perish."

"Miserable man—whether your soul will live or become a viewless atom is a question worth your deep consideration. What you have uttered applies only to

your corporeal part: because you arewhelmed in sin, on the eve of destruction, yet unfit to die, I come and offer to give you what little light has been bestowed on me, and to listen to all you have to say."

He reseated himself, and with a gayer air remarked—

"Well, bishop, my dungeon is almost as murky as your hell, the hours drag slowly on, so a little chat even on such whimsical subjects as you have started will whyle an hour away."

"It would ill become even a heathen to sport with chains and death, and horrible for a Christian to divert himself with sin and guilt. O, miserable man, think of the doom that may await you, ages of misery."

"Prelate, when I became a living thing no one can tell; my mental operations increased with, remain, and will perish with my body; for what is the soul as

you term it without the body? Who ever knew it act? Who knows whence it came and whither it goes?"

"So, because the material and visible part of you festers, rots, and mingles with the dust, you conclude that you have no immaterial imperishable part. Now, philosopher, I will take you on your own grounds. Every effect contains the essential properties of its cause. Your flesh and all the component parts of your body partake of the essential properties of matter; but does thought, or memory, or grief, or joy, or gratitude, or judgment partake of the essential properties of matter? Has memory colour? Is thought divisible? Does gratitude occupy space? Or is judgment to be moulded into forms? You *must* answer no; then they have none of the essential properties of matter, and therefore must belong to an immaterial cause. If immaterial it must be immortal, for decom-

position is produced by the action of the elements and the tending of every particle to its native centre. Now your soul from being immaterial cannot be acted on by the elements or be destroyed by any known power."

Pinbello listened and replied—

"Your subtlety does honour to your craft. I know nothing, as I said before, of mental operations not combined with physical conformation, so when my body perishes, I take it for granted that my mental operations, which mainly depend on it, cease to be."

The prelate with warmth rejoined—

"Sceptics, *physiologists*, and men whose capacities were capable of profounder reasoning, have advanced that argument against the truth of the sacred promise of a future life. *But no where in the sacred records is the soul said to act when not united to some visible formation.* The glorified soul is combined

with a glorified body, and in every gradation of existence is the form adapted to the nature of the spirit. Thus the deductions of philosophy and *physiology* are made to uphold the very volumes that were intended to be overthrown."

The guilty man was no longer gay, no longer scoffed, but bent his head and was lost in thought. The zealous prelate offered up a silent prayer that his labour might produce conviction, then continued—

"Where do you apprehend this immortal soul departs to? The vilest sinner under heaven would not assert, that, stained with crime and every impure lust, it could go to regions of glory and dwell with pure and sinless spirits. It is not annihilated, it cannot be dormant, it is not left to wander through space insulting its Creator—where then must it be? In some dreadful place of safe keeping, awake to all the horrors of its

approaching doom, for the opportunity offered in this life is passed when we have yielded to the indiscriminating call of death, hope exists no more, and punishment and misery await it. Sinner, awake, while a short hour still remains to you to endeavour to appease the offended majesty of Heaven. Awake from this death of sin, and by the intensity of your repentance try and gain forgiveness through your all merciful Redeemer."

The scoffer uttered a deep and hollow groan and dashed his fettered hand against his brow, saying in a hollow voice—

"Man, you make me tremble, you have crumbled my vain philosophy in ruins, and horrid misgivings assail my soul."

He then relapsed into thought. The prelate did not speak. At length he started as from a dream, and uttered in a hurried voice—

“Death! death! whence comes the dreadful end? Who can avoid it? Who destroy that enemy ever sure of conquest?”

“Whence comes it, ask you? Sin is the cause of death; had sin never been committed, then death would never have been known. When time shall be no more and our Redeemer shall have destroyed sin, then death will cease, for that is the last of mortal enemies which shall be destroyed—think of this, and remember that there may yet be mercy shown to you.”

Pinbello covered his face, and groaned and cried out—

“No, no, if your faith is true, for me there can be no mercy—let me die, let me die.”

“I would not have you die in your sins and rush all stained with blood and crime into endless perdition; call for mercy, and you will find it.”

Again he beat his burning brow and said—

“I never prayed, I know not how to ask for mercy.”

The prelate's holy ardour rose with his success, and he fervently asked him—

“Shall I teach you?”

He bent his head assenting to the request. The prelate raised the cross he held, and kneeling by his side, bade him do so, and pray with him. He prayed long and fervently; the prisoner groaned—he spoke of the Redeemer's manifold promises and mercies, and of his atoning death and intercession. Sobs burst from the guilty Pinbello's bosom, he fell prostrate on the earth, and called out—

“Mercy!”

The prelate, with renewed strength and ardour, plied his holy task, and left Pinbello roused from his hardened state and calling for mercy and for intercession to be made for him. The work was too

great to allow the minister of Heaven a moment's rest or peace until it was perfected; he returned to the dungeon and remained with the stricken man until the night was far spent.

Three days passed, when Pinbello desired to confess all he knew, to see the partner of his guilt, to be given the sacrament, and led to death.

When Marenzo heard of the conversion of Pinbello, he felt a wish to save him, for although blood had been shed by his directing his people to carry off Annaline, yet he himself had not committed a cold blooded act of murder. He was repentant; therefore Marenzo forgave the intention of subjecting him to a cruel death. If it had been possible, he would have obtained a commutation of punishment; but the laws against rebellion were positive, and he was irrevocably doomed to die.

Since tranquillity was more likely to

restore the suffering mother and her child to reflection, and to calm their lacerated feelings, they were left much alone. Marenzo, to prevent the thoughts of Annaline from being wholly occupied by grief and the present occurrences, told her of Henriad's departure from England, of his capture by a pirate, and his subsequent return, and that it was to him the parcel containing the miniature and the account of Lora had been transmitted.

Their hearts were so depressed that they had not thought of inquiring how Marenzo had obtained the information he possessed, and were the more surprised when he made known to them many of the details. It afforded them a subject for conversation, and so tended to lighten their grief. He also gave them an account of his seizure near the convent, his confinement, condemnation, and escape, and attracted their attention by speaking of their future proceedings.

Gratitude was too prominent a feature in Marenzo's character to be even for a time suspended from acting, and every hour that he could take from his other duties was passed in forwarding the search for Manahah and Colpac. Itaboca's days were spent in wandering round the city asking every one whom he could induce to listen to his imperfect language, if they had ever seen or heard of his wife and son, and each day he returned disappointed and depressed.

Early in the morning Marenzo was roused from his sleep by an uproar beneath his lattice, and by his name being repeatedly called, he leapt up, and on opening the lattice, saw the poor man furiously contending with the owners of a drove of slaves on their way to Potosi. His strength and activity were so great that one was on the ground badly wounded, and he held another by the throat menacing to destroy him.

At some distance among the drove was a woman wailing, and a youth endeavouring to burst his manacles. Marenzo immediately called to him ; he directly released the man and ran to his wife. The guard was called, and ordered to detain the whole, while Marenzo hurried down to liberate the prisoners and compensate the man who was wounded ; but for whom, considering the nature of his occupation, Marenzo did not care.

Itaboca stood near his wife with an arrow on his bow ready to transfix the first who should be rash enough to attempt to deprive him of his prize. Marenzo's rank and the force collected awed the slave merchants into immediate submission. He learned from Itaboca the name of his tribe, and knowing that it was at peace with his government, immediately arraigned the merchants for violating the treaty. They pleaded ignorance. Itaboca contradicted them, as

did his wife and son. Marenzo ordered their liberation, the immediate confinement of the merchants, and the detention of the whole cavalcade.

On farther examination many more of the same tribe were discovered, whom the civil authorities redeemed.

The merchants had legally forfeited their captives, and were subjected to fine and imprisonment. Most of the other slaves entered voluntarily the military service, taking the women for wives. Those not chosen were sent to the royal works of this increasing and important station, where their lot was far preferable to the cruelty and bondage in the subterranean charnel at Potosi.

Itaboca's joy exhibited itself in the most extravagant acts; he roused the whole household, sung, danced, leaped, raised his whoop of defiance, divided his coronet of plumes among those around him, gave his son his bow and quiver,

and called him Marenzo. Though he adored the general, he was suspicious of every white ; and after two days he prostrated himself before him, and asked permission to go away to his tribe and native woods.

As Pinbello's condemnation was for his former crime, his testimony was not required ; therefore Marenzo, after giving him a sword and other implements, and adorning his wife and son, provided them with a pass to prevent their being injured on their route through the towns and outposts, and bade them farewell.

The Marquesa had not been informed of Pinbello's imprisonment and condemnation, although she concluded that it took place at the same time as her own. On being told that he was desirous of seeing her before he died, her agitation was great, and she paced the room with hurried steps and distracted air. She at first refused to go, then wavered in her

resolution, then seemed resolved to adhere to her first determination.

Marenzo was desirous for two reasons that the Marquesa should see Pinbello in his dungeon; the one because he thought that the interview with the Countess had made some impression on her, and his repentance might soften her sullen and obdurate disposition, which, after the first effect of seeing Mariana, had become the settled temper of her mind. The other because he thought it probable that he might obtain the clue to farther discoveries, by hearing them converse. He determined if she persisted in her refusal to take her there at night.

The Marquesa was aware how deeply she was implicated in his guilt, and how much she had committed herself when taken by surprise; but her sullen revengeful spirit appeared determined that nothing farther should be learned from

her, and, fearing the result of her interview with Pinbello, she remained firm in her first decision.

Since the day of Pinbello's execution was at hand; and as it was ordered to take place in the square before the house, Marenzo sent Mariana and Annaline to the convent. The Prelate addressed a note to the Abbess to insure them tranquillity and attention.

The whole of the Marquesa's papers were now taken in spite of her remonstrances: Marenzo and the Prelate settled to examine them together with some Pinbello was writing, after his death.

The night before he was to forfeit his life to the outraged laws of his country, he again sent to the Marquesa and entreated her to visit him. She remained immovable, and sent and bade him adieu.

Marenzo was convinced that if he pressed her to accede to Pinbello's request she would only become more obsti-

nate, and perhaps resist his intention of conveying her to the cell. He therefore wrote a note to her, desiring her to prepare to remove from the house that night. She expostulated with her attendant in vain, she threatened and refused. He wrote again, and told her that unless she obeyed him she should be given over to the civil authorities and be tried for conspiring with a rebel against the commander of the forces.

Before midnight a vehicle was brought into the court, which she entered, followed by Marenzo and a confidential officer of the Corregidor. She did not speak, but glanced a fierce suspicious look on the men. They soon arrived at the prison gates, which were opened, and they passed beneath the low dark archway and stopped at a postern door. When the massive bars were taken down and the padlock unfastened, her suspi-

cions were still more excited; she seized Marenzo's arm and whispered—

“You have deceived me, and are going to commit me to a dungeon: know that the most refined torture shall not extract from me one confession: now do your worst.”

Marenzo disengaged himself from her grasp and replied—

“No, you are not to be committed; follow me.”

She reluctantly obeyed. They passed along the low long vaults, and heard the clank of chains, the restless step, and hollow moaning of prisoners unable to sleep. The Marquesa twice stopped and asked where they would lead her, and declared that she would not go to Pinbello's cell.

Marenzo repeated his order, adding, “Not much farther.” The vault now descended; the damper atmosphere told

her that they were far below the surface of the earth. They stopped at a narrow grated door, through which was seen a light: it was opened; through a second door beyond it the Marquesa entered the prison of the condemned Pinbello.

The dungeon was circular, and formed the base of a tower; from the lofty ceiling was suspended by a rusty chain an iron lamp, from which issued a smoky light that threw a flickering gloom round the walls, and revealed massive rings and chains, which had held many a wretch in "durance vile."

Pinbello, heavily manacled, stood leaning on a pillar with his eyes cast on the ground, near him was the pious Prelate in his sable garb. The officer, ignorant of the reason of their coming, at the request of Marenzo, retired, after locking them in with the prisoner.

The Marquesa shrunk back and dared not look a second time on her guilty paramour, who, buried in thought, had not raised his eyes to see who entered.

Marenzo stood opposite the Prelate; his sword coming in contact with a chain rung and awoke Pinbello from his reverie: he looked on Marenzo, inclined his body, and slowly shook his head, as if he would have said—"Alas, this is the reward of crime." Seeing the figure of the Marquesa through the gloom, he placed his hand above his brow and asked—

"Who is that? Is it the Marquesa di Sularia?"

She raised her eyes, which met Pinbello's inquiring gaze; but she again looked down and did not answer. The subdued man, in a voice that told how he was affected, said—

"Sularia"—he paused as if to recover

himself and not betray his agitation, then continued—

“More welcome here than in the grove where we were to have met.”

She raised her eyes, glanced on him a fierce and penetrating look, but made no motion with her lips. He besought her in a plaintive tone, while a tear filled his eye—

“Will you not come near Pinbello, or bid him a last adieu? Come, and I will tell you something worthy of your attention.”

She neither moved nor answered, but kept her eyes fixed on the ground.

“If my chains did not prevent me, I would go to you, since you refuse to approach me in my hour of suffering.”

She walked slowly towards him, raised her hand, which he took, and with contracted brow, determined look, and firm voice, said—

“Are you the same Pinbello, or have chains and death scared you into being a minion of that sable-coated hypocrite, and the dupe of that low thing there?” pointing to Marenzo.

“Listen, Sularia, to that sable-coated hypocrite, and he will teach you to become in spirit what I am; then you will do justice to”——

She interrupting him vehemently exclaimed——

“Coward and traitor, to whom? to what? I owe justice to no one. Is this the proof of all your promises and bold professions, to tell the secrets of the woman who left her husband for you? Had I been discovered in attempting to crush a reptile that crossed my path, I would never have implicated you.”

“Sularia, there is a life hereafter where every secret will be told, where every sin will be made known; ’twere better to

reveal them here, and live and seek forgiveness by repenting."

"What—has that bedizened thing, which long since should have mingled with his fellow clods, brought me here to listen to a sermon dictated by priestcraft for some accursed end? Pinbello, I know you to be a villain; but are you base enough to try and save the dregs of your own days to spill mine?"

"I have no desire to live; I have been a villain. Thanks be to Heaven that I have been frustrated in perpetrating my last sad intended crimes. I would not add to the black catalogue of my misdeeds by so vile an act as you suspect me of."

Marenzo, turning to the Marquesa, said—

"I pledge you my honour that I will never deliver you to the law for any attempts you have made on my life.

The deaths of Juliana and her sister must be investigated; if you are guiltless of their blood, you have still to look forward to retribution, in a world to come, for your other crimes."

Pinbello then addressed him—

"General Marenzo, I violated the customs of hospitality and burst through every law both human and divine when I attempted to steal away the young and lovely woman whom the Marquesa brought with her. I indirectly learned from her that she was Count Julian's daughter. I knew that her removal would not inflict pain on the Marquesa di Sularia, and hinted to her, ere you joined us when walking beneath the zamang tree, that I should like to possess her. I here solemnly affirm that she did not consent to my carrying her away; but she took no step towards preventing me: in that consists her guilt."

The Marquesa scowled on him while

he was speaking; then demanded of Marenzo to be taken from the dungeon.

He replied—

“I brought you here to see the consequences of guilt, and listen to the effects of repentance, and here you must remain.”

Pinbello continued—

“The result of my foul attempt was defeat and detection, owing to your gallantry and skill. I knew the course you pursued; and on finding myself an outlaw I determined on revenge and flight to Spain, where I have fortune enough to have found an asylum elsewhere. The jewels I carried with me were soon converted into gold. I collected a band of ruffians, renegadoes, and slaves, to defend me and assist in my schemes of vengeance. Your watchful eye and decided character overmatched the Marquesa, and prevented her from fulfilling any intentions she had respecting Anna-

line. She wished to be rid of you ; this she told me when I met her in the orange grove during the few days you were absent surveying the country. From her I received information of all your movements, and waylaid and seized you. My reward was to have been Annaline."

Marenzo started, and looked first at the prisoner, then at the Marquesa, who with ineffable contempt and scorn, exclaimed—

"Villain, I promised what I would not have performed."

"You would have performed your promise ; remember the plot—To have reported that Marenzo had carried her away ; your note containing that inference is extant. The death to which you were doomed was partly to glut my vengeance and partly to accord with the wishes of the ferocious gang that had vowed everlasting warfare with their oppressors. I always suspected Banda and

his companion; the former only sought protection, the latter was a noble savage, as likely to have prevented the torture to which you were destined, by sending an arrow or a dart through you, as the others were of fulfilling their intention. I informed the Marquesa of your escape; her anger was great, and she entered into new schemes for your destruction. One was to denounce you to the Inquisition as an enemy to the Faith and the Holy Office. She can tell you of Count Julian's children. He had a son; but where he is, I know not: it was said that he died young; but I have no proof beyond the Marquesa's word."

The Prelate with a solemn voice demanded of the Marquesa—

"Do you know any thing of Count Julian's son?"

"I never saw him."

"Did you ever hear of him?"

“ Only that he was dead.”

“ From whom did you learn that?”

“ From my uncle, who, on the death of Don Cisneros, was appointed to reside as ambassador in England.”

“ Does he still live?”

“ No, he has been dead some years.”

Pinbello looked on the Marquesa and said with great emotion—

“ I have not long to live, and must render an account of all my crimes where I am going. In some things you have been the partner of my guilt. If I have led you into the paths of sin, forgive me. I would suffer many deaths to see your heart subdued, your doubts removed, and your mind convinced of the efficacy of our faith. I thought that I could not pray, and that the gates of mercy were closed against me. This holy man has convinced me that my doubts were vain, and prayed with me. For your soul's

sake kneel, and let the wretch who has drunk of the froth and dregs of sin pray for you, with you."

He knelt and, taking her hand, endeavoured to induce her to follow his example; but she remained inflexible. He clasped his hands, bowed his head to the ground, and cried aloud—"O, help her unbelief."

The Prelate, pointing to Pinbello, said—

"There is great hope for forgiveness on repentance like this; such hardened guilt as yours merits an anathema."

The Marquesa thrilled at the word, for lingering doubt still clung to her as to all who hold the same dismal doctrine, and replied in a more subdued tone—

"I never knew more of your faith than its deceptions and profligacies. I have ever been taught that a mortal's religion depends upon his country, so thought it as right to profess Catholicism as a Turk

does to profess Mahomedanism : to have knelt with him would have been adding to my sins ; for believing him to be a dupe, I must have been a hypocrite. The first effects I see of your religion is treachery ; for he has betrayed his friend, which I would not have done though torture had twisted with fiery forceps every nerve within my body.”

The venerable man rejoined—

“ You have mistaken the misconduct of the ministers of religion for impurity in the doctrine ; the time may come when you will see the difference, and the awful precipice on which you stand.”

The hardened woman lightly inquired—

“ Has Pinbello any farther accusations to make against his friend ? If not, let us return ; for I am tired, and the air here is damp.”

Pinbello rose from the ground, and, looking on her, said—

“ Farewell ; I forgive you, and may

faith and repentance soften your hardened soul. I suspect that you know much of Count Julian's son; remove as far as is in your power the stigma from his father's name: make some compensation for all the evils you have brought on them; and your latter days may yet be passed in hope—Farewell. I beseech you to take her from me, and leave me in solitude. Farewell—a last farewell. General Marenzo, ere you leave me, forgive me.”

He knelt and would continue on the ground. Marenzo said, as a tear fell on the repentant man—

“I had forgiven you from the hour that you repented, and should have returned to have told you so. May you find forgiveness in heaven through your Redeemer: my prayer shall be offered up for you; peace and hope attend your last hours. Farewell.”

The Prelate consoled him, and bade him prepare to receive the sacramental

wafer. They left the repentant man in the attitude of prayer.

On their route homeward, as they were not attended by the officer, the Marquesa reviled Marenzo for deceiving her, and Pinbello for being a treacherous friend, and vowed that all she knew should be buried with her. He made no reply.

On the following morning before day-break the ring of hammers, the voices of men, and the hurrying tread of people awoke the Marquesa, and she inquired the cause. No one told her. As the tumult increased, she got up and saw the preparations for Pinbello's death.

Marenzo had studied her character with care and patience, and was convinced that she was proud and ambitious, and that the fear of exposure would alone induce her to communicate all she knew of Annaline and of him. Aware of the limited portion of legal evidence he possessed, he was desirous of obtaining her

own confession, and thought it probable that sudden conviction of guilt or very impressive scenes might produce it. Had he known the degree of hardened guilt to which she had arrived, he might have pursued a different method. Having followed one course to a certain extent, he resolved on exposing her to another trial, which, if it did not prove successful, left him to devise some other means.

The tramp of soldiers and the noise occasioned by erecting the scaffold ceased, only the murmur of the multitude, and the slow solemn tolling of the deep tongued bell were heard, until the noise of an advancing heavy vehicle excited a stir among the crowd. Every eye was anxiously fixed on the direction whence the noise proceeded. The procession of civil officers and troops appeared; then a sledge, on which was seated the guilty man.

Marenzo entered the Marquesa's room

and threw open the lattice as the procession passed. She could not avoid seeing the pale and manacled Pinbello being led to death.

She seated herself, and with affected calmness watched him mount the scaffold; she saw him briefly address the silent people; only an indistinct articulation now and then reached her. She then beheld him pray, then strip, and place his head upon the block—the headsmen raised his glittering axe—ere the noise of the blow reached her she covered her face, uttered a low shriek, and turned away.

Marenzo, who was alone with her, curbed his emotion, put his hand on her arm, and said—

“He is gone where no secrets are hid. Remember that your fate would have been the same, had either Annaline or myself thought fit to have accused you.”

“And what then?” she asked.

“ You would have been cut off with the measure of your iniquity full ; your son would have suffered from the disgrace reflected on him, and your name have been handed down with infamy attached to it.”

Though pallid and evidently affected at what she had seen, she steeled her heart to the least approach of feeling, and replied—

“ I have only done to others either what they have done to me, or would have done, if they had possessed either the courage or subtlety to compass their wishes.”

“ Do you think that I would have murdered you and given up your child to suffer worse than death by a brutal paramour ; would poor Annaline have done so, or would her broken-hearted mother ? Did the father and husband ever injure you, that you should wreak your deadly vengeance on his race ? Have

they or I done by you as you have done by us? No, we have remembered mercy. Pinbello died for causing his sovereign's subjects to be massacred. I have not borne testimony against him, excepting for the outrage and the murder of my soldiers. How bears your declaration now?"

"If the Countess di San Marian had never been loved by my husband, what has been would not have been; their suffering has followed from a cause over which I had no control. I held them within my grasp, and did not kill them; so you and they are not the only beings who can stay their hands when clothed with power: had they slept in their coffins, instead of kindred clods, I had not now been brought to tolerate their mercy, or been subservient to the man whom I have nurtured and advanced."

"Since they were not the cause, should they have been made the sufferers? Did

the Countess di San Marian return your husband's love? Did her babes provoke your jealousy? The man whom you have nurtured and advanced would have been for ever grateful, if long since he had not found sufficient reasons for suspecting that your bounty flowed from some deep and impure source. Did you hear that Lazaro and his fellow assassin had waylaid him near the castle, that the former had received a purse from—your son—and that I slew them? You knew not that the signet ring, you presented to your English hostess, was that used by your husband on a letter found among the skeletons and mouldering remains of his friends who were killed and buried by the Prince of Braganza and Count Julian. What your intentions were for bringing here Count Julian's daughter and the man you had advanced are now made evident. Providence has made your subtlety and crimes the surest

means for your detection. What your reasons are for wishing to destroy me, I know not; but as I suspect you have some, and those of import, I will never release you from my power until I know them. If you repent, confess, and afford all the means within your reach to remove the stigma from Count Julian's fame, and reinstate his children in the estates forfeited to the crown, and bestowed on your family, and are not guilty of the deaths of Juliana and her sister Mariana, you shall be allowed to pass the remainder of your days in some sequestered convent. If you do not perform these conditions, let the consequences be placed to your own account. I leave you to reflection: in a short period I shall see you again and hear your determination."

He quitted the room; the Marquesa stood pondering on his words.

The reason of Pinbello's attack on the

soldiers being made known, the report was soon spread abroad. It was also generally known that he was the person who carried off Marenzo. The conjectures and inquiries were very numerous, the seclusion of the Marquesa, who had daily received many of the officers and persons of distinction, heightened them.

The remembrance of a woman's infidelity lasts long, and though it may slumber for years is never extinguished, and any trifling incident will again revive the tale of her former folly.

The insurrection of Tupac Amaru was still fresh in the memories of many who dwelt around the military station and increasing town of Ledesma. The name of Sularia was indissolubly attached to that event, with it returned the long dormant report of his wife's criminal irregularities with the wealthy Pinbello.

The tale was very soon spread abroad,

and suspicions of her being connected with the late transactions openly declared. The more curious endeavoured to learn from the domestics and people about Marenzo if the surmises were true, and many inquiries were made relating to Annaline ; but as the information of these persons was as limited as that of their inquirers, they could give no reply.

Marenzo was soon informed of this state of public feeling ; he knew that as long as the veil was not positively penetrated the secret was safe ; yet he deemed it more prudent to remove from the place, and then the wonder might soon die away.

He consulted the prelate on the possibility of taking the Countess with them, who without hesitation granted the permission, first, as an important witness on affairs of consequence, the next, as an inmate of an establishment which could lay no claims to the legal privileges of a

convent. He wrote to her and proposed her accompanying Annaline either to Spain or England. The proposition was readily acquiesced in, and all their future proceedings left entirely to his discretion. He resolved, as the country was in a perfect state of tranquillity, to leave a great portion of the troops with his second in command, and to precede the remainder to Lima.

Some days elapsed before either his own or the prelate's health and spirits would allow them to continue the investigation they had begun. Marenzo carefully examined the Marquesa's papers, and among them some late letters from her son, which were of consequence; some papers relating to her estates near Potosi, and among these latter his star. He was much surprised at this discovery, since its intrinsic value could not have tempted the Marquesa to defraud him of it.

He rose from his table and went immediately to her room and asked her how she became possessed of the jewel which the prince had given him. She was confused, mortified, and abashed, but at length replied—

“It was not the mere value of the bauble that induced me to take it, but some other reason which I will not give you.”

“I will learn of the prince the history of this star, which will perhaps save me the trouble of ascertaining your reasons for dishonourably depriving me of it.”

On his return to his study he found the venerable prelate waiting; he related to him the circumstance and showed him the jewel. Neither of them could conjecture any plausible reason for her taking it. After some conversation on topics relating to the late events, they began to read the papers Pinbello had given to the prelate. It was merely a

letter of some length addressed to him, of which the following is a transcript:—

“TO THE VENERABLE ARCHBISHOP OF LA
PLATA.

“No words of mine can express my gratitude for what you have done for me. Your reward is not of this world, but in that which passeth not away. You found me a hardened wretch steeped in crime, without religion, on the brink of everlasting ruin. I am humbled to the dust, stung with remorse for my enormities, convinced that the faith at which I scoffed is the only means of obtaining pardon. Deign to accept the blessings and prayers of a wretch justly doomed to be sacrificed to the outraged laws of his country and of humanity.

“You know that the accomplice in my last blood-thirsty, horrid, revengeful scheme was the Marquesa di Sularia.

The only compensation I have to offer to the woman whose dishonour, misery, and probable death, were to have crowned my accursed destruction of General Marrenzo, is, to tell before I die all that I know concerning her. Perhaps I shall best accomplish my intention by giving some detail of my own life, which is in part intimately connected with the circumstances. I am unaccustomed to express myself in writing, and my soul is full of the thoughts of my approaching trial before a tribunal where nothing can be concealed, and where justice must condemn me to—what? everlasting misery. If a ray of hope did not glimmer in my soul, distraction and despair would harrow up every remaining feeling to madness. I will pray and endeavour to calm my troubled mind.

“I am the youngest son of Count Pinbello, whose desperate fortunes compelled his children to become wanderers on the

earth as soon as they could act for themselves. I sailed for South America, the emporium of adventurers and the Babylon of blood and crime. On reaching Lima my address introduced me to many wealthy settlers, whom I soon perceived were indolent, careless, prodigal, and profligate. Religion was with me a term synonymous with priestcraft, and I looked on it as a great engine of policy and a means of retaining power. The object of my ambition was wealth; I deemed it only common prudence to avail myself of the inattention of others to build up my own fortunes. By activity I cherished their indolence, by tact and skill I gradually obtained ascendancy and confidence, and soon their carelessness gave me influence and direction in their affairs. I praised their prodigality by calling it noble-mindedness and generosity, and pandered to their profligacy. In time I plundered, gained, and won

some money, and purchased a mine near Potosi, deemed incapable of being wrought from the water that flowed into it and from the pestiferous atmosphere it contained. I borrowed capital of my friends, purchased slaves, and began my work. Hundreds were sacrificed, but were replaced by hundreds more, at last I raised a pile of gold on the human victims immolated in that blood-stained den. The mine yielded the richest ore, and soon my wealth exceeded my most sanguine hopes.

“ I indulged every appetite, and for years revelled in wealth and guilty pleasures.

“ The Marquess di Sularia arrived at Lima as Captain General of the Province. My wealth and splendid style of living soon made us intimate. Our tastes and pleasures assimilated, and we became partners in profligacy.

“ His wife, whom he had married not

long before in Spain, was the wealthy heiress of vast possessions and of mines, and nobly descended. She was mortified at his unbridled profligacy and unveiled amours, and upbraided me as being his instigator. With unblushing effrontery I proposed to her retaliation, and declared myself her professed admirer. Our guilty intercourse was soon suspected; Sularia alone either did not see it or would not notice it.

“The insurrection headed by the able Tupac Amaru broke out; Sularia went in person to quell it. Troops were sent by the Portuguese government under the command of Count Julian di San Marian. Then the Marquesa di Sularia told me that her husband had loved Mariana Napoli, who had left her convent with Count Julian, to whom Sularia had vowed everlasting hatred and revenge. His skill and conduct saved the colonies, and more than once the profligate and inefficient

Sularia from dishonour and defeat. This inflamed his vengeance; and his wife told me that a follower of his slew him by his order. His lovely widow came toiling from her home to seek him; Sularia seized and confined her. The Marquesa hurried to the camp and ascertained from letters which she obtained, that her husband had revenged himself on his enemy, was impeaching his loyalty to the King of Spain, and had peremptorily denounced him as a rebel and a traitor.

“The jealous colonial government of Portugal denounced him and seized his property. The Marquess refused to tell his wife any thing concerning Count Julian’s widow, then roused her jealousy by inferring that he possessed her. She discovered that his intention was to obtain his forfeited estates as a part of the reward for the successful suppression of this vast rebellion. She availed

herself of the protection afforded by some troops returning to Monte Video, hurried there, secured by bribes the children of Count Julian, and sent them to Spain. On her return, she accused him of infidelity to her, and told him all she knew of his intentions; he retaliated, and gave her incontrovertible proof of her guilt, then left her to pursue her own course, while he persevered in that which he had long indulged.

“It was reported that the Countess di San Marian was taken and killed by the insurgents under Tupac; I have my doubts of her having met her death at their hands, as I heard of her being at Monte Video after the cruel execution of that memorable chief.

“The Marquesa di Sularia returned to Potosi and lived almost undisguised with me. At length my amours offended her, and she raised an immense sum from her own estates, and sailed for Spain.

“She deemed the Countess di San Marian the person who had deprived her of her husband’s love, and vowed that she and her children should be punished for the theft. She knew that Count Julian had a son in England under the care of Don Cisneros, and deputed me to write a detail of his death to the countess. I did so, but whether that letter reached her I never inquired.

“Some time after it was known that the estates of Count Julian had been given to Sularia ; that the Marquesa was living there I am certain, for she wrote to me several letters from the castle.

“A merchant who came from Monte Video spoke much of Count Julian, and told me that he saw his children buried. I cared but little about the matter, and did not ask him farther on the subject.

“When Sularia returned we never met but once ; he then accused me of seducing his wife, and warned me of his ven-

geance. I had long been weary of the palling profligacy of Lima and Potosi, and dreading Sularia's power and vengeful spirit I travelled to Atacama and built a residence, where I lived, sunk in sensuality, until he went home from Carthage and Cuba, and soon afterwards died. Habit, indolence, and the great facility afforded of pursuing my flagitious life induced me to remain in my retreat. One evening several boats approached the spot, the first person who landed from them was General Marenzo, to whom I offered my house and assistance according to the customs of hospitality. My surprise was great when the Marquesa di Sularia landed and embraced me. I no sooner saw Count Julian's daughter than I resolved to carry her away. Unaccustomed for years to opposition or restraint, I calculated on easily effecting my purpose; how providentially my vile

intention was frustrated you know, as well as what has followed. I would implore the Marquesa di Sularia to make some recompense for all the misery she has inflicted on Count Julian's family. To recover their estates would be almost impossible, but her own unbounded wealth might be used for that purpose. Tell her from me, that with my dying breath, I entreat her to think of all that has been done by her, then to ponder on the future, and she will shudder at the dreadful prospect. Time may have obliterated much of what occurred from my memory, but what I remember I have told correctly. I must now prepare for death."

The Countess had left with Marenzo the few letters she had preserved; among them was that which reached her with the intelligence of the death of Count Julian's son: on comparing the hand

writing of it with the letter to the prelate, the similarity was so great that it at once verified the account.

The late letters of Sularia to his mother the Marquesa contained requests for money, some general expressions of apprehension for their safety, and the following paragraph:—

“The fox escaped and slew the hounds—they were worthless and are well out of the way. The bird is gone, she fluttered against her bars, and I fear met with an untimely death. The animals that have so long haunted this spot have migrated, they ought to have been prevented or kept chained. I trust that the climate of South America will remove all your disorders—When you return leave them behind you, for St. Julian is made insupportable by the infliction on you, and consequently on me. Had I been sent into the world ten years before I

was, the evils which assail you would not now exist."

In another letter she was earnestly requested "Not to allow Marenzo to wait for any thing as long as he continued in South America, since fortune wore a bandage and saw not—"

After what had transpired the interpretation of these passages was not difficult, and completely exposed the villany of Sularia and his mother. It appeared that she had forgotten to obey the general instructions "to burn the letters;" they were mingled with the papers relating to her estates, which she might have been examining and put hastily away with the letters in their folds.

Marenzo acquainted his friend with the interview he had with the Marquesa, and consulted with him on what steps should be pursued. The Prelate had of course heard from Marenzo the

manner in which he had become so closely connected with the Marquesa, and every other particular of his life that had any relation to it. The Prelate told him what he had long suspected, that either he was that son, or some one so allied to Count Julian, that it was deemed necessary by them to lull him into security, by patronage and benefits, until they could destroy him. On being informed of the rank and influence of Sularia, and of his being a favourite of the monarch, and likely to be Grand Inquisitor of the Kingdom of Gallicia, the Prelate said at once—

“I think that no human means can aid you in Spain; but Providence produces many ends by one means; it may be so ordained that you are to dispossess and punish these wicked people. The freedom of England may enable you to raise your voice there, and at least hold up their crimes to their sovereign. I stre-

nuously advise you to return, at least for a time, to England. Your declining health justifies your giving up the command you now hold."

Marenzo, whose love for Irene had so increased, as even to intrude itself on his mind amid all the woe and care he had seen and suffered, the affection he bore for his friend, and the desire he had of seeing Annaline allied to him, made the Prelate's advice most acceptable, and he at once resolved on pursuing it.

It was settled that the evidence they had amassed should be recapitulated to the Marquesa in the presence of the Prelate, and every argument they could suggest used to induce her to make a frank avowal of all she had done to, and all she knew of, Count Julian's children.

Mariana and Annaline were informed of the intention of returning to Europe; but nothing was told them of Pinbello's

death, or of the information that he had given them. The tranquillity of the convent and the attention of the Abbess had accelerated their restoration to a state of convalescence. Marenzo had suffered so much from fatigue, anxiety, and care, that it was necessary for him to remain for some days in retirement even before he could prepare himself for his interview with the Marquesa.

Annaline had learned much from her mother of the miseries to which she might be subjected in a convent, and was dissuaded from prosecuting her intention of taking the veil. Since the discovery of her birth, her rescue from the Marquesa's power, and the knowledge that her mother was at liberty to accompany her, that inclination had almost ceased to exist. She had not cherished any feelings of attachment for Henriad, until she heard of his following her to South America; after that, thoughts of him flashed

across her mind, and for a short time occupied her whole soul, and would have remained triumphant there if the rapid succession of trying events had not successively demanded the exertion of all her mental powers. She saw the unerring hand of Providence unveiling, by means the most unlooked for and apparently trivial, the iniquity of her persecutors. Even the sufferings her mother and herself had undergone appeared to her stamped with the impress of wisdom and mercy, and fraught with instruction. She returned fervent and unfeigned thanks for the signal mercies she had received; and while she conceived it her duty to use to the utmost of her ability the faculties bestowed on her, she gave herself up with unbounded dependance to the ordinances of that Providence whose protection had been so clearly manifested to her mother and herself.

Her respect for the firmness, tender-

ness, and noble conduct of Marenzo had risen to a great height, and she had an ardent wish to tell Irene the virtues of the man on whom she had placed her affections. Oftentimes she spoke to her mother of the Abbess who had so loved and cherished her, and of her friend Frances. They refrained from conversing of the Marquesa, not only because the topic was a very painful one, but because Marenzo had requested them not to speak of her.

Mariana suspected that Marenzo was Isabella's son; and thought she perceived traces of resemblance in him both to Count Julian and his mother, though his careworn countenance and emaciated form had so altered him, that even Annaline expressed a doubt if she should have recognised him at first when he returned with Banda and Itaboca.

The Abbess repeatedly attempted to gratify her curiosity by questioning them

on what was passing ; it at length became necessary to request her to desist, with the promise that before they left her she should know more.

Mariana's melancholy and retired habits had separated her in a great degree from the inmates of the convent ; two with whom she had formed friendships were gone to their everlasting homes. There were no others among the remainder whose characters sympathized with her own. Before Annaline arrived, her occupations were limited to the usual duties of the place, and in such acts of benevolence as her means enabled her to perform.

Since she was destined to leave the convent many of her hours were spent near the spot where her husband's ashes reposed, and where Annaline had

——“ Shed Resignation's silent tender tear,
Submissive, bending o'er his lowly bier.”

She asked Marenzo to erect a monument to his memory over the spot. He had never been told before that his remains were buried there. Her request was gladly complied with, and a plain marble pyramid was raised bearing an inscription boldly contradicting the vile aspersions cast upon his name.

Mariana had felt unbounded gratitude and esteem towards Marenzo for his kindness and protection to her child; the boldness of this last act, under a despotic government, which openly declared her husband's injuries, made her at once look on him with reverence and maternal love. She with all a woman's ardour thought her husband's fair fame among the most precious of earthly possessions, and wept tears of joy at seeing it commemorated.

Banda would willingly have followed her, but his age and family were impediments: freedom and independence were

insured to him and his posterity. His reputation stood so high among the soldiers and citizens that it would have deprived him of much happiness to have carried him to distant regions, where he would have to form new habits, and to learn another tongue.

After Marenzo had arranged his public duties, he prepared the evidence for the Marquesa to consider: he held some consultations with the Prelate, and fixed the night but one previous to their departure for the interview.

CHAP. XXI.

ALTHOUGH the Marquesa had often walked in the evening on an elevated terrace adjoining the house, under the immediate observation either of Louis or Banda, her health had suffered considerably from the mortification, anxiety, and partial confinement she had undergone; so that both the Prelate and Marenzo had some apprehensions she would be very susceptible of the diseases of the country unless their embarkation was hastened.

The facts had been more systematically arranged by Marenzo; and in the evening her attendance was required.

She obeyed with reluctance and chagrin; but she had sense enough to know that resistance might be fatal to her.

They received her with freezing cold-

ness, and begged her to be seated. The Prelate first briefly addressed her—

“Madam, we have witnessed the obduracy of your feelings, the insolence of your deportment, and the impiety of your scepticism, which last I am bound to give notice of to the Holy Office, and which information I shall transmit to Spain.”

She looked earnestly at him and remarked—

“Your religion breathes mercy; the most striking example given of its efficacy is that most accursed of tribunals the Holy Office. Imitate your benign Founder and have mercy on me, by denouncing me to the civil authorities here; but do not act with General Marenzo, and perpetrate that revenge which he has promised not to pursue, by delivering me to a mockery of justice, to torture and death.”

The Prelate rejoined—

“Madam, if I were not to make known your atheistical opinions, I should be subject to the punishments of the Holy Office. I may here, since I have the direction of the ecclesiastical affairs, delay remitting the charge from having hopes of conversion; but can I say that I have any hope of convincing you of error?”

“Until you have tried you cannot tell. I now plead ignorance; that removed, I may believe your doctrines, but not your traditions, discipline, and priestcraft.”

“I shall see you to-morrow, and trust that I shall lead you towards a path that may end in mercy. We will now proceed to other matters.”

Marenzo requested her attention, and said—

“On the answers you give to certain questions proposed to you, much will depend that relates to yourself.”

He then recapitulated the numerous

facts that had been accumulated almost in the following succession:—

“It appears from the declarations of the Countess di San Marian, and of the late Signor Pinbello, that your husband, the Marquess di Sularia, had asked in marriage the Countess di San Marian, who rejected his suit. Enraged at being successfully opposed by Count Marian, he was accessory to an attack made on him and a Prince of Braganza, by Count Napoli and four others, four were slain, and their remains are deposited in a cave not far from the castle of St. Julian. Soon after this event the Marquess di Sularia allied himself to you and came to his government in South America, where you formed an intimate connexion with Signor Pinbello. An insurrection, headed by Tupac Amaru, compelled the Portuguese authorities to send an army to assist in its suppression

under the command of Count Marian, who had been declared a deadly enemy by your husband. This gallant and skilful captain saved his military fame from ruin, and checked the torrent of rebellion; in the last battle he was killed by a follower of your husband's.

“The Countess, hearing that her husband had been left wounded on the field, hastened to attend on him. The Marquess di Sularia forcibly detained her in prison, and insulted her on her way to the camp where her husband had commanded. You learned that he detained her, and under the influence of jealousy charged your husband with the crime; and at the same period ascertained that he had falsely accused the Count, to the Spanish court, of treachery, and sought to obtain by intrigue his confiscated estates. He retaliated your charge. You swore revenge against the Countess di San Marian and her race; you seized

her children, pretended to inter them, but sent them to Spain under feigned names, and then returned to Pinbello. You desired him to write in the character of Don Cisneros and tell the Countess that the young Count San Marian was dead. This letter is extant."

The Marquesa at this part, which was unknown to her, exhibited symptoms of agitation.

"Years passed away and the Countess was not heard of. You in the mean time had returned to Spain, and became possessed of Count San Marian's estates. It appears that you separated and confined the children of Count Julian; one, whom we will call Lora, first in a convent, then in the castle of Matagorda, where she was left to be brutally entreated by a ferocious woman, and at length murdered: another, named Juliana, you admit was put to death in a convent near Segovia for attempting several times to

escape. The third, Isabella or Annaline, you left in England, and then brought here with the intention of disposing of her, so that she should never be able to detect your crimes, and actually bartered her with your paramour, a traitor, for the blood of a man who never injured you. This man you have brought forward as the son of one Marenzo, who saved your husband's life. Why gratitude should produce repeated attempts to destroy him remains yet to be explained. By your influence he has been most rapidly advanced in his profession, bountifully supplied with money by your son, and attempted to be assassinated by his agents, and afterwards doomed to destruction by yourself and paramour. From the following sentences in your son's letters it is evident that he is in some way connected with the other objects of your vengeance—'He is the fox that slew the hounds.' The letter written

by Pinbello at your instigation stating the death of the Count di San Marian being a forgery, it will be necessary for you to give some account of that youth. And also to facilitate removing the stigma affixed by your husband to Count di San Marian's name."

The Marquesa in a more subdued tone, though with a fierceness of expression that indicated the anger gnawing in her bosom, remarked—

"I am wholly unacquainted with military affairs, and therefore cannot pretend to give the reasons which induced my husband to impeach the loyalty of Count di San Marian; but must conclude they were ample, though with them you are unacquainted. I can give no account of a youth whom I have never seen. The letter written at my request by Pinbello concerning him was done to give pain to my enemy—the woman who had stolen from me my husband's affections. I heard

of Lora's death only the day before we sailed from England. Juliana thrice attempted to escape, the last time in the habit of a man, for which she was condemned to long and rigorous confinement, and died in the dungeon before the time was completed. I did conspire against your life; fearing that Pinbello might be detected, I preferred his safety to yours. Annaline has not received any injury at my hands, therefore you have no right to condemn me on the assertion of Pinbello. I will never give my reasons for acting as I have, neither will I ever give more information on the matter, come what will, until I have the solemn promise that no proceedings shall be instituted against me, either in the Holy Office or before a civil tribunal, and that no hostile measures shall be taken against my son."

Marenzo rejoined—

"I did not require your attendance or

attention to dictate conditions. If you refuse to give us information, let the consequences, as I told you, rest upon yourself. I ask you if you know any thing of the Count di San Marian's son?"

The Marquesa folded her arms, fixed her fiery eye on Marenzo, and did not reply. The question was repeated, but she still remained silent.

The Prelate spoke to her in a mild and persuasive manner, and pointed out the fearful state in which she was. A slight sarcastic smile passed over her mouth, but she did not uncloset her lips.

Marenzo quietly remarked—

"I can be equally determined. Perhaps the Marquesa would like to retire?"

As she made no answer, he repeated the words with greater emphasis, and opened the door. She then returned to her room, muttering as she went.

The Prelate and Marenzo agreed that

justice demanded the murderess of Lora, an examination into the death of Juliana, also into the death of Count di San Marian, and of the charges alleged against him by his enemy, the man at whose instigation he was killed.

He then observed that the Marquesa's answer was to him a proof of her artifice: for she first remarked on the allegations of her husband against the Count as a point on which she was less likely to be informed than on any other: her conclusions of their sufficiency were not made without some reason, which he thought was a determination to prevent his honour from being reestablished, lest with its restoration the estates should be claimed as not having been justly forfeited. It was probable that she never had seen Count San Marian's son; but she did not say that she knew nothing of him: her silence was to be construed into a strong presumption against her. The

reason for making the unprincipled Pinbello write to the Countess a forged history of his death was plausible, and wore the semblance of truth ; but he thought it connected with some avaricious project. If she did not know of Lora's murder, she was the first person who had confined her, and was responsible for the consequences. Her account of Juliana could not be received as true from her own assertions. She could not deny that she had conspired against him, but her reason (preferring Pinbello's safety to his) was hollow, since he was an outlaw and a condemned man. Her assertion that Annaline had not received injury from her was too absurd to be refuted. And her declaration of remaining silent, unless her own terms were granted, was an acknowledgment that she knew more than she had either revealed or been convicted of.

Marenzo was perplexed as to what

measures he should pursue, and regretted the hasty promise he had made of never becoming her accuser. To instigate Annaline to become so was virtually the same as doing it himself.

He at last determined to see if the Prelate's interview with her produced any real effect on her flinty heart, and if it did to patiently await the farther results of time; for he was convinced that Providence was developing the crimes of this woman and of her race.

On the ensuing day the Prelate, whose heart was zealous in the desire of bringing this impenitent being to a sense of guilt, remained with her for several hours, and used every argument of which he was master to impress on her mind the first great truths of religion. It was with difficulty that he made her acknowledge the existence of a God, who with omnipotence and omniscience governed the

world. He left her not satisfied that the soul exists in another state, and consequently not admitting of a state of retribution. Yet she admitted that the considerations were of greater importance than she had ever attached to them, and with apparent sincerity solicited him to visit her again.

Although the next day had been fixed for their departure, Marenzo thought that the request ought to be granted, lest depriving her of that opportunity should be the cause of her dying as she had lived. As he knew the extent and profundity of her artifice, he was unable to suppress a suspicion that she might have some latent object in view; therefore, at the same time that he granted her request, he placed Banda and two other men in different parts of the premises as additional sentinels over her.

The zealous man arrived before the

appointed time, and again entered on the work of conversion. During the hours he had been absent he had refreshed his memory, reconsidered the system he wished to pursue, and sought by prayer assistance from on high to give him power to perform the duties of his ministry.

The Marquesa disputed every step with him; but at last acknowledged that his arguments proved the immortality of the soul: her opinions on other points were materially shaken. The Prelate desired to continue the discussion with her in the evening; and left her with a hope that he might be instrumental in saving a soul imbrued with blood and crime.

Marenzo heard of the account and of the difference of manner with surprise, and wrote to ask her if she wished to remain any longer at Ledesma for the purpose of receiving the instruction of the Prelate.

She requested that their departure might be delayed one more day. The whole of it was passed with the Prelate, who only succeeded in making that impression on her mind which reflection and more knowledge would probably strengthen, and at last produce conviction and repentance.

Marenzo went through the usual ceremonies attendant on his rank ; and, after bidding farewell to the venerable archbishop, left Ledesma.

As the road at that season of the year was firm, the most convenient vehicles that could be procured were put in requisition. The Marquesa with Margaret, the attendant, occupied the interior of one, with Louis on the outside. The Countess and Annaline another. The remainder of the retinue were either on horseback or with the baggage.

At first the scenery was of a less romantic character than what they had

seen on their route from Atacama. The earth was every where clothed in gorgeous apparel, flowers of every hue, grown to a gigantic size and dyed with deeper and more brilliant colours than in other regions, mantled the green covering with inextricable interweavings, and climbed in profuse and sportive tangles the trunks and boughs of the enormous trees that towered above them, in which birds of the most beautiful and glittering plumage looked like moving jewels of the brightest blended tints. The whispering winds were loaded with the perfumes of flowers and gums and spicy trees. Here and there the sparkling river appeared through the rich embroidery of nature, hurrying onward its ever moving eddying stream, and gathering tribute as it went, to the great Atlantic reservoir of waters.

The imposing stillness pervading these almost uninhabited regions inclines the careless mind to listlessness, the soul op-

pressed with care to low and melancholy thoughts. Annaline, though she rejoiced at being on her way to England, and felt new life-blood swelling in her veins, could not prevent the remembrance of Henriad from continually presenting itself, and hindering other thoughts from pursuing their destined course. She had not heard of his arrival in England, but only that he had followed her, been captured by pirates, and liberated for a great ransom. The incipient love which she had bridled, and which had been weighed down by the rapid succession of eventful occurrences, from that time burst the trammels, and in spite of every effort to restrain it, possessed her soul and ruled triumphant there. As Henriad had never professed his attachment to her, and as she thought the knowledge of its existence would increase her mother's solicitude, she did not mention it to her.

When the Marquesa's vehicle was near

them, they could not avoid seeing her and speaking of her, for with the sight painful recollections and perplexing doubts thronged their minds. Mariana prayed that she might feel all the Christian charity and forgiveness we are commanded to show our enemies; although she could look only with horror on the woman who, without being injured, could persecute her unoffending babes to imprisonment, misery, and death. Annaline shuddered when her eye met the woman's who could devise such infernal schemes against her; yet hoped that she would repent, and be forgiven.

Marenzo never spoke of her, and expressed his disapprobation at the vehicle being driven within sight of the Countess and Annaline.

When they arrived near the dry and comparatively sterile gloomy region of

Potosi, the Marquesa solicited Marenzo to permit her to transact some business with her agents there. After some consideration her request was granted, on the condition that he should be present; for he suspected that she would, if left to herself, declare to them that she was forcibly detained, and effect her escape notwithstanding his rank and power. She darted at him a look of mingled fury and mortification when he specified the condition, that made him more strongly suspect that such was her intention.

He was aware of the unbounded command she had of wealth, and knew too well its power to trust any one near her excepting Louis and Margaret, to whom the former had affianced himself. The Marquesa, finding every avenue to escape closed, became sullen and desponding; as a last resource, she begged to see Marenzo alone, who accorded with her

request. It was with agitation, even after several minutes had elapsed, that she addressed him.

“ General Marenzo, I have done that to you which if it had been done to me I should have revenged: but I have also nurtured you, educated and rapidly advanced you to a high rank and great command. If the good I have done to you is put into one balance, and the evil you have escaped, but which I was instigated by passion to intend you, into another, they will stand at least at an equilibrium.

“ You may differ from me; if so, let some consideration for my age and circumstances weigh with you; you might add, what you have professed, forgiveness of your enemy. I only wish to retire into obscurity, and be forgotten. Annaline has greater cause than you have to become my punisher. The Countess deeply injured me; if my retaliation was

great, all its effects were not intended nor foreseen. They are in poverty: I will endeavour to repair the injuries I have done to you, by enriching you all in a few hours, if you will leave me here to pass unnoticed to the grave."

Marenzo did not betray by the expression of his countenance the feelings which passed through his bosom; he knew the woman, and was assured that she was brooding some deep design. His feelings of justice would alone have been sufficient to make him refuse her proposition. The belief that their lives and the proffered riches would be her spoil, if at liberty where she could command a number of men ready for any enterprise, was, without the former consideration, sufficient reason for rejecting her proposal, he therefore replied—

"That you are bound to place the Countess Marian and her daughter beyond the reach of poverty there cannot

be a doubt, although I feel convinced that they would not receive a gift from the hands of one virtually polluted with their blood. I forgive you the injuries you have done to me ; but I do not thank you either for your patronage or protection, since I am certain that you had not my advantage, but your own ends in view, from the course you pursued. Justice, to which I hope never to be deaf, demands investigation into the deaths of Lora and Juliana, concerning whom you know much more than you have told. Then the honour of Count San Marian, I, as a soldier and a man, am bound to see cleared from the foul shade cast over it by your husband. Moreover, you must deem me the silliest of children to trust you at liberty with riches and hundreds of hungry unprincipled dependants at your call. For though a general with soldiers now at my command, after I leave Lima, or even there, I shall have

no power. I forgot that you have to tell me more of the Count's son, who was with Don Cisneros—Is he dead?"

The Marquesa looked at Marenzo while her white lips trembled and her teeth were firmly closing, then sat down without replying, and remained in sullen silence.

Marenzo left her, and gave still stricter orders than before to watch her, and to allow no one to have access to her.

On the following morning the Marquesa's agents arrived, and were conducted by Marenzo to her. He placed them opposite to her, with sufficient space between to prevent any written communication from being conveyed to them; and seated himself so as to command a complete view of the whole.

After the preliminary congratulations, inquiries, expressions of surprise, &c. had passed, they entered on matters of business: by their accounts it appeared

that an immense sum was due and ready for the Marquesa, which she immediately directed to be prepared to take with her. Her mines yielded more than ever, and her estates were increased in value, and expectations were entertained that new veins of ore would soon be discovered.

She gave many directions, and made many inquiries, that proved she was well acquainted with her affairs, and then dismissed them.

Her wrath and mortification were visible to Marenzo, even if she had not betrayed it by her manner and language. She upbraided him as being a spy over her, a soldier fearful of a woman's outmanœuvring him, and as a man veiling his intentions of revenge under the mask of generosity and caution.

He saw her intention, and smiled at her cunning, which added to her wrath; but at the same time reduced her to si-

lence, since she saw that she was again suspected.

Marenzo hastened their departure, and in a few days reached Callao, where an English ship was on the point of sailing. The captain was sent for, and the vessel detained until accommodations were arranged for their reception. While these were preparing the Marquesa, as a last resource, offered Louis and Margaret a casket of jewels and a chest of gold to facilitate her escape. They not only rejected the proffered bribe, but directly communicated the proposal to Marenzo. He simply warned her not to try and depart on pain of being denounced and given over to the civil authorities. Even after her failures in attempting to deceive him and corrupt her guards, she made an effort to speak to the captain of the ship, but which Marenzo frustrated by presenting himself with the man.

The after-cabin was divided into two ; the one for the Marquesa, the other for Mariana and Annaline. Margaret was placed in a small birth between them and the companion ladder. The space before that ladder was converted into a general cabin for them all. Marenzo and Louis had cabins before this, so that all access was excluded from the Marquesa excepting by the companion ladder or through Marenzo's berth and the great cabin.

They embarked and sailed with a leading wind. The cool refreshing breezes and the absence of exertion restored Annaline to health and beauty : Mariana too was revived and sometimes smiled : but mortification and apprehension preyed on the Marquesa, and her health gradually decayed. Marenzo had placed many excellent works in her cabin with the hope that the dreariness of the voyage would almost compel her to read

them, and in this he was not mistaken. She never came on deck until dusk, and then walked alone. At first this conduct attracted attention and called forth remark, but after a week or two it became common and was no longer noticed.

Marenzo usually inquired of her every day if he could add to her comfort, and sometimes expressed his hopes that she had availed herself of her solitude to seek the forgiveness of her God. She made no answer, but her manner was evidently altered, and she was becoming melancholy rather than sullen; once Marenzo found her crying. Her time was chiefly passed in writing or in reading the books he had provided for her.

Marenzo's desire to reach the shores of England was so great, that he was often calculating from the course run how many miles they had to sail. He often reflected on the rapid succession of events which had transpired since he left

those shores, and looked forward with a steady yet fearful sight to the results.

He was not certain of the safety of his friend ; his penetration told him that Annaline with difficulty concealed the love she bore him. His own heart ever returned to Irene, though other thoughts sometimes held it from its course : as the wondrous stone ever looks again to its beloved star however often it may be turned away by external force : he knew that Irene loved him, and he knew too that a woman's love was like that star, pure, unchangeable, a bright and heavenly light radiating from an unseen everlasting cause. Yet fears would intrude, and sometimes he even dreaded that she was no longer an inhabitant of earth, but had been called away to a more congenial sphere. When cheering hopes presented themselves they soon were dissipated, for he was a soldier without patronage, without fortune, and almost

without a country. Had circumstances and health permitted it, he would have remedied his want of fortune ; but the health of Annaline, the love borne for her by his friend prompted him to return ; the call of justice and the voice of duty commanded him to attempt to restore Mariana to her rights and trace the murderers of her children.

When the Marquesa should have arrived in England he knew not what course to pursue with her, since there he would not be able to detain her, as he had hitherto done by the influence of fear. He believed that Providence directed the steps of those who are worthy yet oppressed, and this belief greatly allayed the intenseness of his care.

Cape Horn was doubled, the breezes filled their sails, and the fair breath of Heaven seemed wafting them to their destined port. The temperate atmosphere and invigorating gales and hope,

brought health to all who had languished under the burning clime excepting the Marquesa, whose constitution was fast breaking up. She did not complain, but gave way to corroding grief, to which her solitary life contributed.

Both Mariana and Annaline secretly prepared for her many comforts, and often remained in their cabin, that she might, beneath an awning of flags on deck, inhale the air. There was an evident alteration in her look and voice and manner, as if her soul was being subdued by sickness, and the remembrance of her degradation and her guilt.

Marenzo watched her; as her spirit became more gentle, and her words more tinctured with that feeling, his care increased, his conduct even partook somewhat of concern. Now and then he spoke of higher matters to which she listened, until often her eyes were dimmed with tears. She no longer scoffed at

such discourse, but when opportunities offered rather led to it, and Marenzo with prudence always followed the desire she thus made known.

One still clear evening she was on deck when a fair-haired boy fell from aloft; he lived a few minutes, and with his parting breath said—

“O, my mother, my poor sister, give the things I got at Callao to them, and my wages to pay my mother’s rent, for her landlord is a hard man—I should not have minded so much if this had happened next voyage—but God’s will be done—I know he will take me to Heaven.”

There passed over his brow a sweet unearthly smile, and his spirit fled away.

She had seen the touching sight and heard the glorious words so simply uttered, and went away and wept. When she was calm and her tears had ceased to flow, Marenzo went to her as she was

leaning over the stern and spoke of the poor lad's death; he thus dwelt on the filial and affectionate feelings shown by his last wish, and on his submission to the will of Heaven—

“The sweet smile of that dying lad made me for a moment think that some bright spirit was seen by him, coming to convey his pure confiding soul to regions where toils and sorrows are unknown, and where sin unrepented of cannot enter. How inspiring it is to see an unlettered boy smiling in the pangs of death, assured that immortal life has been brought to light, and that he is heir to everlasting bliss. Not all the benighted heathen world with all their boasted wisdom ever felt such sublime submission to their God, or knew what this poor child declared—‘I know that God will take me to Heaven.’ There was no bigotry, fanaticism, nor priest-

craft, but simple faith instilled into him by his pious mother, productive of a hope which death, so far from obscuring, brightened. Whence came that smile after the sorrowful remembrance of his poor widowed mother?"

The Marquesa, turning to Marenzo, said with agitation—

“ Oh, I know not whence it came, but I would give if I possessed them, the riches of the universe for such a smile as that to cross my troubled soul—for hope like that—but it can never be—Ah, if his faith is true, my lot is condemnation, for——”

She shuddered, covered her face, and bent upon the bulwark. The screen of flags veiled them from observation, Marenzo, with subdued yet fervent voice, added—

“ For those who die impenitent; but forgiveness and mercy are for those who

repent and call upon their Redeemer with humility and prayer; kneel and ask forgiveness."

She knelt on a projecting beam: stifled sobs burst from her bosom; she uttered no word, but her streaming tears proved that she was no longer a hardened wretch. She rose, and placing her hand on Marenzo's arm, said with tremulous voice—

"You have prayed, I saw you, for your deadly enemy; I can trust such mercy as yours: give me time, and I will tell all my dreadful sins, make all the compensation that I can, and die."

Marenzo said no more, but led her to her cabin and kindly bade her compose herself, then retired to his own. All his sterner feelings were subdued, and his heart was full of restless sensations of pleasure at finding the guilty woman brought to repentance. He could not sleep, but passed hours in undefined schemes for forwarding the work, until

at daylight his weary mind and body were lulled to rest.

Marenzo did not on the following day make known the occurrence of the preceding evening to his two companions; he preferred waiting until he thought the Marquesa would like to ask them for assistance, and until her state of mind would render it useful to her and far from unpleasing to them.

An unthought of incident anticipated this wish. Mariana and Annaline often sung some favourite hymn in their cabin which adjoined that of the Marquesa. The death of the poor boy and his being consigned to the deep had affected them, and recalled a long forgotten common hymn, which they sung about the hour of vespers.

“ O THOU, whose all pervading eye
Looks down with pity from the sky,
Who bidd'st us all complain to Thee
For succour from our enemy ;

Miserere, Domine.

“ O Thou, who hear'st the widow's voice,
Canst make their lonely hearts rejoice,
And know, when death hath set them free,
That endless bliss is giv'n by Thee;

Miserere, Domine.

“ The orphans left to toil alone,
Have One to whom their woes are known,
To whom with confidence to flee
For shelter from their misery;

Miserere, Domine.

“ The monarch in his princely dome,
The peasant in his lowly home,
Thine ever watchful care must see,
And for their blessings worship Thee;

Miserere, Domine.

“ The captives in their dungeons deep,
Who only live to moan and weep,
Have yet a hope of liberty,
By off'ring up their pray'r to Thee;

Miserere, Domine.

“ The wand'ers o'er the trackless waves
Thy pow'r and goodness guides and saves,
When stormy wind and roaring sea
Call forth a pray'r for help from Thee;

Miserere, Domine.

“The guilty wretch whose anguish’d breast
For sin and crime can find no rest,
May, through th’ atonement made by Thee,
Repentant, hope, and gain mercy;
Miserere, Domine.”

They had scarcely finished their plaintive hymn when they heard the Marquesa crying, and now and then a deep half suppressed sigh escaped her. They were for a moment motionless, then simultaneously hastened to her cabin, supposing that some accident had happened to her. As soon as she saw Mariana, she sobbed almost hysterically, and falling on her knees, clung round her, and as soon as she could articulate, said—

“Forgive me, forgive me; I will never rise until I am at peace with you. Oh, I have wronged you, foully, cruelly wronged you—As you expect mercy from your God, grant me what you expect—Mariana, Annaline, I have sinned against you, my heart is broken with sorrow, forgive

me, or I die, and am not fit to go to the tribunal of Almighty Justice."

Mariana and her child knelt and supported her. The former, while the big drops fell one by one from her eyes, looked up to Heaven, and trembling said—

"Merciful Redeemer, have pity on this broken spirit, give her faith, and may her penitence be accepted by Thee! I thank Thee that I am able to forgive her, and may no thought of anger for her misdeeds to me and mine ever haunt my bosom."

Annaline was greatly agitated; the Marquesa, who had risen from her prostrate position, was kneeling supported by her, and looking steadfastly on her; after a few moments again burst into sobs, and exclaimed—

"She does not forgive me, no, she cannot; I sought her destruction, nay, worse—Oh, she will never forgive me—Am I to become the victim of everlasting

retribution? Oh, Annaline, Isabella, have mercy on me!"

Annaline, deeply agitated, replied—

"As I hope to be forgiven my trespasses, so I forgive those who trespass against me."

The Marquesa looked on her, and fell prostrate on the deck, saying—

"To have been cruel to such beings as these—O, cursed ambition! and thrice cursed avarice, with those deeper curses revenge and jealousy, what have ye made me do?"

She remained, and would not be raised, weeping and begging for mercy. Annaline bent over her, and as her tears trickled down her face, gently said—

"Our Redeemer promised mercy to those who repented and believed; call on him and he will hear you, and in time give peace unto your soul."

She started up, and with bewildered look, exclaimed—

“Will He! Indeed, will He! Then I will never cease to call on him while I have strength to speak; how shall I? tell me, teach me—I will be a child again and learn—I—I did not know of Juliana’s death, no, I have not the child’s blood upon me—that was merciful to me—I said so—but I lied.”

Marenzo at this moment entered the cabin: when he saw the Marquesa’s bewildered look, and heard her words, his surprise was great; he did not speak, but his cheek became pale, and he looked on the fallen woman with feelings of deep compassion. As soon as she recovered a little, she said—

“They, like *you, Count Julian*, have forgiven me.”

He started, and their eyes turned towards him. The Marquesa repeated with a firmer voice—

“Yes, you are Count Julian di San Marian. Providence has protected you

and rewarded your mercy to me—I will tell you all that I have devised against you and against your race—Have compassion on my son—Promise me that you will not fight and kill him—Oh, if he should die with all the guilt I his mother have entailed on him, and upbraid me for hurling him lower into the gulf of perdition—Ah, that distracts me.”

She sunk senseless and was placed on her bed, and some hours elapsed before she recovered, though at intervals during that period she wept and sobbed, but did not speak.

Mariana was overjoyed at finding a son who had endeared himself to her: Annaline embraced her brother, and poured forth her thanks to him with a degree of ardour and gratitude that she would not have shown to any excepting a brother. These kindred spirits acknowledged with thankfulness the interference of that Providence that watches over and

directs for the wisest ends the steps of the children of the earth, and that in this instance had saved, punished, and restored by the same progressive means.

On the ensuing day the Marquesa was somewhat calmer and requested to see Mariana; she obeyed the summons, and accosted her with a sweetness and gentleness of manner that brought tears to the eyes of the repentant woman. She was much exhausted, and laboured under a considerable accession of low febrile excitement, and was sitting raised on her bed with her hands clasped as if she had been praying. She unclasped them and held one towards Mariana, who took it, and whispered words of peace. She turned aside her head, and while weeping, asked for Annaline, who came, and they were left with her. The contrite woman at first closed her eyes, and in a low subdued voice said—

“ I cannot look on those whom I have

so deeply injured. My strength is fast failing me; but I will do all I can to compensate for the evils I have brought on you. Juliana was sent to a convent near Segovia as the daughter of my uncle, by an English mistress. When she had reached the years of womanhood she was unceasing in her inquiries concerning her parents, and I conjecture that she had received some intimation she was not what she had been told. She resolutely refused the vows, and three times endeavoured to escape from the convent, the last time in the attire of a monk. She was seized and condemned to a long confinement, and my son told me that during it she died; that is now three years ago, and I own to my shame that I made no farther inquiries."

Mariana, with great agitation, asked—
"O, is there not a chance that my child may be still alive?"

"Alas, my son has often deceived me;

in this instance I dare not bid you hope; but I would have Count Julian make inquiries in the manner I will direct."

She had been writing during a part of the morning; and taking the paper she had prepared, asked for Count Julian. As soon as he arrived she unfolded it and continued—

"You are worthy of the blessings Providence bestowed on you. I no longer rely so entirely on human means as I did: yet I fear that the obstacles are almost insurmountable to your regaining your paternal estates; for my son is the monarch's favourite, and a useful counsellor, and, alas, a most determined man. The attempt might end in your destruction: Spain is not a safe asylum for you."

Turning to Mariana and Annaline she emphatically said—

"Do not trust your protector there to attempt to regain his patrimony. O, my

son, my son, could you now see your agonized mother's heart, you would abandon your dreadful purposes. Count Julian, your estates were burdened with debts, which my husband liquidated: you would not be able to repay that sum without great difficulty, the remainder of your property would not support your rank. I insist—nay, I will not use that haughty word—but implore you to accept the gold on board this ship, which is a sum many times greater than you expect, and this order for what I directed to be sent to London.”

She put the order into his hand while the tears ran down her face.

“I feel more comfortable now; for he can never want if he is careful. Annaline, Henriad I know loves you.”

Mariana looked upon her blushing child with great astonishment.

“He would have prevented your leaving England, but I stopped his letters to

you. He is a noble, kind, and generous man; if you love him, bind yourself to him for life. He is rich, and would rather that you had no dowry; yet, as a proof of your forgiveness, I humbly beg you to take that casket of diamonds. Should you not marry him, convert them into money, and it will amply dower you to any man who thought of it and you together. Mariana, I leave you to your children; though should I live to reach Spain, I will take care that you are not left without ample means."

After a considerable pause she added—

Ah, my son has often upbraided me and his mistaken father, and declared that we entailed on him the necessity of continuing our misdeeds. Hardened as I was, those words came cutting from a child, and I was often inclined to tell Marenzo who he was. My son swore that on the day he knew it he should die or be buried in the dungeons of the

Inquisition and never heard of again. I am exhausted; but in a day or so I shall have written to him, then you will know the cause of all my perfidy and guilt."

They left her to repose.

Mariana's mind was much disturbed: she spoke of Juliana as living, and became so restless that she went on deck and begged the captain to set more sail, which he did; though the ship bent to the press of canvass, plunged and threw the sea and spray over the forecastle, she showed no signs of fear, but several times thanked him. She proposed to go to Spain first, then to be put on board some ship bound thither, if they fell in with one, and talked without consideration of seeking for her child.

Count Julian soothed her by promising that he would go from England to Spain directly, and leave no effort unmade to obtain information respecting her. He

rather damped her hopes of finding her living, and bade his sister follow his example.

The Marquesa was more composed; but her low fever still remained and wasted her. Mariana with her children led her to comprehend, as far as we mortals can, the extent of heavenly mercy. In two short weeks they heard her say that her soul was more at peace, and would be much more so if she was certain that her son would not scoff at and cast away what she had written to him. They saw her gradually decaying, and were more anxious on that account to reach the land. The sea being calmer, and feeling herself stronger, she sent for them all, and begged that she might read to them and have copied the letter she had written to her son; for she doubted ever seeing him again. She sat up, and in a clear voice read as follows.

“ MY SON,

“ THE icy hand of death has grasped me. Never more shall I behold you : if I could fly to you, it would not be to embrace you, but to bid you repent and believe that there is a day of retribution.

“ I have scorned the precepts of religion, and taught you to follow my example. Now on the bed of death I implore you to cast away the doubts I instilled into you. Whatever may be the errors of our church, its creed is true ; the hopes and terrors it holds out are true. I deplore, with a conscience racked almost to despair, my infamy ; my misery is increased at the recollection that you are standing on the verge of destruction.

“ The hand of Providence has unveiled all my misdeeds, and disclosed those you have committed, and the foul crimes you would have perpetrated.

“ You have ever refused to listen to the tale of those deeds that placed you in the castle of St. Julian, and gave into your power the children of the Count di San Marian. Two of them are now here, and know their lineage and their wrongs, and many more injuries that I have been instigated to attempt to screen those I did in the days of my youth.

“ Your father loved the Countess Mariana, who slighted him and married his enemy. Revenge, that savage kind of justice, led him to attempt in every way to gain possession of her and ruin him.

“ During the insurrection of Tupac Amaru, Count Julian came to be his ally; some acts of humanity enabled my husband to found accusations against his loyalty. I shudder while I write it; he hinted to one of his military followers, that were Count Julian slain, Tupac would be subdued: the vile minion fol-

lowed him in the battle, and when an opportunity offered slew him. His denunciation followed; his confiscated estates were given to the Marquess di Sularia. The Countess, who was devoted to her husband, hastened to the spot where he was said to have been wounded, and only found his tomb. The Marquess di Sularia seized and confined her. He slighted me, having discovered my guilty conduct, and threatened me. Incensed against the Countess, whom I concluded had originally robbed me of my husband's love, and was then his mistress: deeply desirous of obtaining means to keep my husband at bay, I hastened to Monte Video, and there instigated the fulfilment of the denunciation, which the authorities were ready to hasten, as he was a Spaniard holding places of great emolument. I secretly expelled his servants, excepting one, whom I

bribed and cajoled to give up the children to my care. I directed a mock funeral of their remains, which was facilitated and cloaked by a mortality then raging among the people, which occupied their attention either for their own safety or that of their families. I sent them to my uncle in England, under feigned names, with a promise of great reward if he secured them, so that I could always be prepared to bring them forward, and thus prevent the execution of my husband's threat.

“ I had taken and secreted documents now at St. Julian, that will prove Count Marian's innocence.

“ My uncle was a man of desperate fortunes; but whose abilities made him a necessary adjunct to the court.

“ My husband learning what had happened sent me from him, saying, ‘ he preferred the Countess Mariana.’ My

guilty friend Signor Pinbello, at my direction, wrote to her a false statement of young Count Julian's death, then with Don Cisneros, whom my uncle succeeded as ambassador in England.

“I accumulated a vast sum of money in diamonds and gold, and sailed without my husband's consent to Spain. On my arrival I heard of the old Countess Napoli's death, and soon found out where the child was who had been sent sick to Spain. I obtained possession of her through the wife of the assassin Lazaro ; she was then three years and some months old. I placed her in a convent under the name of Lora, and by presents to the Abbess induced her to follow my directions, and led her to believe that she was my uncle's child by an illicit amour. Juliana, then two years old, was placed in a convent near Segovia ; and Isabella, under the name of Annaline,

then a baby, I took to England; and when three years old sent her to the convent at Glastonbury.

“Count Julian’s son, then ten years old, had been left by Don Cisneros at school from so early an age that he had lost all recollection of his person. My uncle at my instigation took him from the house where he was, and placed him where he first became acquainted with Henriad, the grandson of the present Lord Warrest. On my return to Spain I took him to Valladolid, where he remained under a belief that his name was Julian Marenzo, the son of a soldier who gave his life for that of my husband.

“In the intermediate time I went again to South America chiefly for the purpose of obtaining a fresh supply of money, for my uncle was exorbitant in his demands on me. In this I succeeded, and returned with my husband, to whom I was reconciled, by the way of Carthegena and

Cuba ; he assured me that the Countess Marian had been dead some months.

“ On our arrival in Spain my uncle died, and not long afterwards my husband followed him. I lived with my son at St. Julian. The officer who had slain the Count often came and drew heavily on my resources, and spent it in every species of debauchery : his crimes compelled him to fly the country, and I have heard that he is in some obscure convent.

“ When you, my son, verged towards manhood, your intellect was far before your years, your memory most tenacious, and your curiosity unbounded, particularly on the manner in which you became the possessor of St. Julian. I need hardly call to your recollection the manner in which you became acquainted with many of the circumstances relating to your father, to Count Julian, and to myself—by opening a cabinet, in which you found

several letters from my uncle to me, in which Count Julian's son was alluded to.

“Lazaro, to gain your money, told you that Lora (Mariana) had been taken by his wife. To recruit his exhausted finances, the man who slew Count Julian came to you when I was at Madrid. On my return you communicated to me what you had discovered, and insisted on being informed of all I knew, particularly who Lora was. I told you, and from that hour was your slave. Subtle and headstrong you followed your own opinions, and held this doctrine—‘I will play out the game my parents have begun, for if I do not my father is dishonoured and my patrimony diminished.’

“Julian Marenzo was placed in the army, because the chances of death in that profession were greater than in any other. You scorned the common modes of secrecy, and, instead of leaving him to fight his way, your system was to lull

him to repose by urbanity and generosity until the fit moment came to destroy him. His talents and prowess have been scorpion stings to us for several years, and the cause of many a bitter saying to your mother.

“ Pedro the chasseur never excited your suspicion, from his simplicity of manner and uniform good conduct. He was the only domestic remaining who had served Count Julian, and was remarked to have assiduously attended on Marenzo when last at the castle. Lazaro watched them. — Their conferences at night roused your suspicion, and you determined on their destruction. Marenzo’s valour frustrated your intention; Pedro’s flight and narrative made known poor Lora’s death.

“ Your violence and bitter conduct to your mother first excited in me a wish to return to South America, and I planned the scheme of carrying Marenzo with

me, and also Isabella, of whom I might dispose in marriage, or settle in a convent in that far distant land. You would not suffer Lora to be removed, because you knew that she had learned, through the man who slew her father, who she was.

“Now, my son, see in what follows the hand of Providence; repent in the depths of humility your crimes, and solicit the pardon of your offended God.”

Here followed a minute detail of the occurrences in America, her deceit and attempt to escape; then she continued—

“Our counsels, thought so crafty and profound, have been justly made the instruments of our detection and punishment. Oh, when I look back and remember the hours of thought that have been wasted to hide our crimes and secure the despicable and not wanted wealth; the years of corroding anxiety lest they should be known; the increasing fear

that the murderer of Count Julian should repent and confess all he had done and witnessed. The accursed crimes to which the first sad steps have led, the hardness of heart they have produced, the desperate thoughts of every deadly wickedness, until they lost by constantly recurring to the mind half their horrors; the doubts of a Providence, which the dread of punishment cherished; the professions of belief in annihilation, which burning thoughts now and then seared and for a time stirred up that sleepy monster conscience loaded with sin. All this and more I have felt, and I know that you have. I in addition have endured the mortification of detection, the shame, the dread of punishment; and now what is tenfold more intolerable, the sense of sin, the envenomed stings of conscience, the terrible apprehensions of retribution from a judge from whom no secrets are hid, and no power can escape. Oh, I feel a

secret voice telling me it is true, a voice that is not of this world, and at whose whispers the proudest spirit thrills with terror.

“ Who have we injured, persecuted, and willed to dishonour and destroy? Those who have prayed for me, forgiven me, who cease not teaching me to implore mercy, and ask it for me, their deadly foe, with prayers and tears. If you are not more impenetrable to humanity than a hungry tiger, or the raving waves, or devouring fire, disgorge your wealth, restore Count Julian to his titles and rights, and wipe the foul aspersions from his father's honour. If I could hear you accede to this, my soul would depart more at peace. I obtest you by the dread of death and hell to make restitution; and what is yet nearer my heart, and the hearts of those we have so ill used, to repent in dust and ashes, and live to ob-

tain forgiveness, and not an immortality of misery.”

The Marquesa fell back, shrieking, trembling, and asking for mercy : then sunk into a state of torpor, from which she did not awake for many hours.

She asked them to pray with her, and afterwards expressed herself more composed ; her strength was greatly reduced ; sometimes her mind wandered, and she would speak of glorious visions appearing, and beings of light beckoning to her to come ; then she would utter low groans and close her teeth, and speak of Lora, Juliana, Pinbello, and others ; and talk of bubbling blood and vengeance ; then start and call for mercy, and sink down and weep tears of despair.

They soothed her, and spoke of mercy and her Redeemer ; she listened and said, “ divine, divine—for you, but not

for me." She was more composed when they sung, and would motion the time with her wasted fingers, repeat their cadences, and weeping say—"There yet is hope."

It was evident that her last hour was not far distant. They did all they could to give her comfort.

CHAP. XXII.

Soon after Count Julian's return to Ledesma, under the guidance of Banda and Itaboca, he had taken an opportunity of sending letters for England across the country to Buenos Ayres, in which he had given detailed accounts of all that happened to them. The distance from Buenos Ayres being much shorter than from Lima, those letters reached Henriad and Lady Eumenia before they had completed half their voyage.

It would have been impossible and imprudent to have kept Irene from a knowledge of all that had happened; if she had not asked to read the letters to her mother, she would have fretted and perhaps relapsed into the low desponding state in which she had been before

she was assured that Count Julian returned her affection.

His conduct, his escape, the events which had transpired were so artlessly told, that her love assumed a more enthusiastic character, and she never spoke of him to her mother without conscious pride lighting up her countenance: she became more animated, and said she knew that he would return.

A single sentence in his letter respecting her gave her all the information she most cared to receive, and even led her to tell Lady Eumenia that, since she was certain that he loved her, she could die contented. Notwithstanding this comparatively animated state, her anxiety was perceptible: when the winds were high she took no rest, and made many inquiries into their direction.

The chart of the Atlantic was her frequent study; and each day she marked

the spot where she thought the ship might be. Every town and river specified in maps of South America, in which they had been, were familiar to her eye. Amid this excitement she often talked of Annaline, and spoke of her providential preservation.

Henriad when with them, which was after the letters reached them, was as happy as herself in recapitulating all that they had learned, in conjecturing, devising plans, and mentally yielding to joys which only those souls chained by the golden links of affection and esteem can taste. If the ardent Henriad called Marenzo a hero, Irene's eyes and blushing cheeks returned him thanks, and she raised her graceful head with a look of pride that added beauties to her lovely person. She spoke of Annaline as one with a pure and elevated soul, and affirmed that she always believed her to possess

a high estimation of him. Every day they lived in the hopes of hearing some tidings of them.

The discovery of the Countess Mariana, the Marquesa's conduct, and the accounts of Marenzo were of too intense a character to be kept secret. Lady Eglington repeated many times in the day, "How very extraordinary!" and indulged in a little good natured triumph over those who had been unkind to Anna-line.

Mrs. Skipley for a whole week could neither work nor read or employ herself in her usual way, but did nothing but talk first to the one and then to the other, and wished to know if, next, "Whiskerandos was to made a lord." Mrs. Kilgrim, without actually wishing that the whole might prove a fabrication, felt as if mortification would be to her a consequence of truth, and as usual penned a despatch to Mr. Batholik.

“ MY DEAR MR. BATHOLIK,

“ I AM quite bewildered : there is a long account arrived of a discovery of a Countess di San Marian, who claims Miss Annaline for her child, on what grounds is not yet known. The Marquesa by the same despatches is declared to be a plunderer of estates, a stealer of the Countess's children, a plotter against Whiskerandos' life, a rebel to the state, a possessor of gold mines, and a great many other fine things ; and they are all speeding their way to Bothal. What does all this mean ? To believe these monstrous tales on no better foundation than the Don's flaming epistles would be childish. Henriad is gone quite crazy ; and I am told has injured his sight by unceasingly looking through a telescope : he has a signal tower between his marine villa and his fleet, and is the laughing stock of every naval man on the station. It is

well his grandfather Lord Warrest is quite imbecile, and that his father is in his grave, or a bar might be put to such proceedings and such a marriage. O, dear, when will folly cease? Irene they say is quite recovered at this intelligence, and has been overheard to speak of her hero—very pretty indeed—What an example to that forward chit Arabel, who, having heard some of this marvellous tale, assumes a contemptuous superiority over some of us that really calls for punishment. Since the pirate fight, that vagabond Andrew has put on a long sword, and endangers other people's lives by being entrusted with pistols.—Can't you write to Sir Harry and try and put an end to this folly before it gets into the newspapers, and is made the talk of the town and country? Mrs. M'Forton expects to be confined next month; she has been longing for Tweed salmon; the gallant captain actually went

off to catch some—Query—was it to get away from her, or to gratify her whims? Pray do write to me; for the whole party is so full of the Spanish adventurers, that I have not heard one word of sense or reason since the news arrived. I remain always yours—KATHERINE KILGRIM.”

By return of post she received Mr. Batholik's reply.

“MY DEAR MRS. KILGRIM,
DID you ever hear of travellers' tales? Is there a region in the world better adapted for them than South America? We know nothing of the general beyond what he pleases to communicate. I do not wish to be uncharitable; but I have that friendship for Henriad Warrest which prompts me to desire to write to him, and entreat him to inquire a little more into these wonders before he marries the simple nun. I do not wish to dive far to dis-

cover reasons for all this conduct. Irene is a great match for the general; and while he has a chance of obtaining her and her fortune, he will never marry the nun, who is still more fortunate in her prospects with Henriad. The Countess Marian will probably fall a victim to the climate, or be left behind. The Marquesa remain at Potosi, and the inimitable couple arrive together, each ardently desiring to get quit of the other, and gain their own trump—think of this, and in charity and justice throw cold water on these heated imaginations. Try and persuade Lady Eglington to write a letter of caution to Lady Eumenia, and not allow a headlong girl to throw herself away without more inquiry. Ah, as you say, when will folly cease? when will people begin to think? Mrs. Skipley grows younger and more giddy. I was in hopes that your society, and a little observation of my experience and mode

of thinking would have been of service to her; but it has been thrown away. I write in haste. Yours—BATHOLIK.”

Sir Harry Eglingham did not converse much on the occurrences that occupied the thoughts and tongues of many about him. There was at times, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it, a great degree of solicitude in his look and manner; his correspondence with Lady Eumenia was frequent, and he often desired to see Henriad and Mr. Bevirode. He checked, at least in his presence, all remarks on the conduct of the parties, and diverted the conversation into different channels. The autumn was far advanced, and he sometimes spoke of the season and gales of wind with so much uneasiness, that Lady Eglingham could not avoid perceiving it.

When he was with his sister and Irene the tenderness of his manner to the latter

was the same that an anxious parent would have shown; his general assurances of deep interest in her welfare did much towards quieting her, and at the same time endeared him still more to them.

When he left them he went to Henriad, and assumed more gaiety of spirits than he really possessed, as soon as he found his friend yielding to melancholy, apprehension, or disappointment.

Lady Eumenia had corresponded with the Abbess, and received from her many letters containing cool and sagacious remarks, and many conjectures that were proved correct by the results. It was not long after Sir Harry had left them that she remitted to Lady Eumenia the following short note and packet.

“I WILL not occupy your time by relating all that I have felt and thought on reading the enclosed letter to Annaline. Mo-

tives of a prudential nature have induced me not to make the contents known to Frances, lest the sisters under my care should also become acquainted with them, and be made inquisitive and perhaps inattentive to matters that concern them far more."

" TO LADY ISABELLA DI SAN MARIAN.

" THE villain Sularia has not only deceived me, but denounced me to the Holy Office. Thanks to my old comrade, a familiar, for giving me notice enough to enable me to escape. Now, in turn, I will denounce him as a murderer and a rascal of the blackest dye, and old in crime though young in years. By his interest I entered the priesthood, for which I was as well adapted as he.

" He promised, when you had sailed, to give me three thousand ducats and a place at Rome, where I should be at liberty to pursue my own plans.

“ Instead of fulfilling his promise he laid a snare for me, and then informed the Holy Fathers of the Inquisition.

“ I am now a wanderer on the world, and have nothing more to expect of a Sularia; as I cannot take personal revenge on him, I will do him the next greatest injury I can.

“ His father sent me with Count Napoli to waylay Count Julian di San Marian, your own father, and to slay him, lest he should marry Count Napoli's sister. We accidentally learned that he had been separated from the chase, and, by the direction of a peasant, found him, the Prince Braganza, and a chasseur. We five in number attacked them; four of us fell: I escaped and went with the Marquess di Sularia to South America, and there to gain his gold and favour slew your gallant father when enveloped in the smoke of some artillery near him. His charger carried him from the battle,

and I saw him dead. A wounded prisoner told of a chief dying near him; I insinuated myself into his confidence to try and learn if he had any suspicions of the person who slew him, but found that he had none. This prisoner hearing me extol Count Julian entrusted me with the manuscript I gave you, and which he took from his bosom. I kept it as a means of revenge in case of ill treatment from them.

“Now let me swear to you that you are Isabella di San Marian; your elder brother, and by right Count Julian, is General Marenzo; your sister Juliana was in a convent near Segovia. Pedro saw Mariana murdered. You are all the children of Count di San Marian. The Marquesa and the profligate scoundrel Pinbello had their reasons for seizing you; it matters not to record them. In the black cabinet in the south gallery at St. Julian are the papers proving Count

di San Marian's innocence. Do not trust the subtle Marquesa; but rely on General Marenzo, whom the villain Sularia hoped to have cut off before this time. I have gained but little, compared with my services; and at last a treacherous attempt to immure me in a dungeon or to torture me. Let General Marenzo follow up this discovery, and he will soon be able to prove himself Count Julian, and punish them. Success attend you: I shall never return to Spain or any other country where I am likely to be known—
SINFANO AVERREZ."

This coarse production, which had been sent from Bayonne, excited great surprise. It was despatched to Henriad, who, while he deplored the complicated infamy it unfolded, was rejoiced at the discovery on account of the real rank of the woman he loved and of his friend.

His solicitude for their arrival was

greatly increased, indeed the whole party were interested in the result ; some from affection, others from mere curiosity : even Mrs. Kilgrim began to think that—“ there was more in it than from appearances she could have supposed.” Mr. Batholik thought that—“ the Marquesa should be applied to for information respecting Sinfano, alias Averrez ;” and advised his friend to be silent and rather obtain information than bestow it.

Mr. Bevirode had an attested copy made of the document, and went to the convent to obtain all the information he could respecting Sinfano, or rather, Averrez.

There he learnt that soon after Pedro's death he had gone to Spain, leaving an elderly priest to perform his functions, and had not written to him more than once, and that letter was dated from St. Julian.

The Abbess told him that he had been

confessor and priest to the convent, and occasionally to some Catholic families in the neighbourhood for seven years ; and on his appointment a letter from Cardinal Millavio had introduced him as a very superior person. Her watchfulness had almost compelled him to be regular and precise in the performance of his duties, yet she always had some mistrust of him, and therefore never allowed him to transgress the strictest rules of their order in his intercourse with the sisters. Her grief and mortification were very great, when she discovered the character of the wretch who had climbed into the fold, and performed the holy rites of their church, and was extremely anxious to keep it secret, lest scandal should be brought not only on her convent but on her church. She owned that she always suspected Annaline of being a high-born woman, round whom a mysterious veil

had been drawn, but which she had no means of penetrating. The Abbess solicited Mr. Bevirode to be careful before whom he mentioned that part of the transaction which related to her convent, as many of the boarders were the daughters of families of distinction in the country who professed the worship of the church of Rome, and whose parents and friends might be alarmed and remove them, if they heard of the character of their late Confessor.

On Mr. Bevirode's return to Henriad, he found him in a humour in which he had never seen him before. The moment he entered the room where he was, he exclaimed—

“This fellow is past all bearing, did you ever see such a production?”

Mr. Bevirode stared, and said—

“What is it? from whom? what is it about?”

Henriad held up between his thumb and forefinger a letter of four sides closely written, and laughing and stamping at the same time, cried out—

“An admonitory epistle from that confounded ass old Batholik.”

“Admonishing you of what?”

“Of attending to you, of marrying Annaline! Oh, if I had him here—of confiding in Marenzo—I’ll tell him, and put old Profundity in a state of alarm for a year to come—It is such a mixture of imbecility and spurious cunning that it should be made into a fool’s cap for his perpetual wearing.”

Mr. Bevirode, smiling at Henriad, begged him to read it.

“Read it—read it again; by Jupiter not for a crown a line, it would choke me with wrath and laughter.”

Mr. Bevirode took the letter and began to read it while Henriad stood looking at him.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“To a man of your excellent understanding no apology is necessary for an old and anxious friend addressing you. You will not, I know, for a moment suppose that I am officious—I could not forget for an instant the delicacy due to friendship, ‘nam maximum ornamentum amicitiae tollit, qui ex ea tollit verecundiam,’ so my old friend Lælius, with whom, ‘agamus igitur pingui Minerva, ut aiunt.’ I could write lightly and jocosely to you, but matters wear too serious an aspect now. Love, carried to the excess you appear to feel it, is not wise. My years and sad experience tell me so—I offer you that experience, and beg you to moderate the ardour of your passion, and to reflect on the awful step you are about to take.”

Henriad at these words exclaimed—

“O spare me, Bevirode, and read no

more—Awful steps, and his sad experience—Oh, it's past bearing—I could as soon conceive a perriwinkle in a passion as old Batholik in love—sad experience—Now, Bevirode, burn it, instead of reading it in the lugubrious tone of a parish clerk.”

Mr. Bevirode, notwithstanding this remonstrance, continued—

“Of the Marquesa di Sularia little is known, excepting that she is travelling with young General Marenzo, and a Spanish nun. The wondrous tales of discovered mothers, seizures of estates, and Peruvian chieftains heading insurrections are all well calculated to amuse the ladies and deceive the inexperienced, but a man of my years, and I may add, observation, is not so readily duped. It is very clear that Marenzo is desirous of forming an alliance with a woman of some fortune with whom we are acquainted, and it is very clear to *me* that a young

lady is equally desirous of being Lady Warrest. But surely, my enlightened friend, would not ally himself to a woman not only without family, but who may have been married to——”

Henriad vociferated—

“I cannot bear it, now pray stop, and burn that abominable stuff.”

Mr. Bevirode stood laughing immoderately with the letter hanging in his hand. Henriad made a spring and caught it, and in spite of Mr. Bevirode’s entreaties, tore it to atoms, denouncing Mr. Batholik by every name that could be attached to such folly.

The remaining pages were probably of the same stamp, but the paper was reduced to such morsels, that the curiosity of Mrs. Skipley would have been insufficient to have deduced any farther information from it.

They soon after spoke of the late proceedings, and waited for their arrival with increasing solicitude.

CHAP. XXIII.

As the ship approached the colder latitudes the Marquesa's health and strength declined. A slow hectic fever wasted her, and continual rigors passed over her worn down frame.

As death approached, her mind became stronger and rose above the mortal ruin. The Countess and Annaline were ever forward to pursue with her any topic that instructed or consoled her, and Count Julian was equally ready. They had at last the gratification of seeing her composed and rational, and of hearing her join with them in prayer, and each day express herself more prepared to depart for "that bourn whence no traveller returns."

For several days cold and fresh winds had continued until the sea had increas-

ed, the topsails were double reefed, and the cables bent to the anchors, the lead lines placed on deck, and every thing prepared on nearing the land after a long voyage. The look-out men were ordered to be vigilant, and the captain or his first mate were always on deck and often went aloft themselves. The fresh breezes continued until the fore and mizen topsails were taken in, the topgallant yards got down on deck, the topgallant masts struck, and every thing made ready to meet the gale that threatened to assail them.

The motion of the ship added greatly to the uneasiness of the Marquesa, who only remarked that her sufferings could not be of long duration, as she found her vital powers fast declining. She often sought for a repetition of forgiveness and words of peace from those she had so bitterly entreated, and returned thanks to them while the tears chased each other

down her pale and hollow cheeks. Sometimes she uttered poignant regrets that she had not known the comfort and support of a religion that promised greater blessings than the mind, trammelled with its earthly form and loaded with impurity, could conceive. Her prayers assumed a more elevated character, and were imbued with expressions of hope that forgiveness was granted her.

The gale increased until the ship was steering her course labouring in a heavy sea under a reefed foresail, and close-reefed main topsail and trisail: the wooden partitions within the vessel worked and cracked and opened; the cordage strained, the guns creaked, and every now and then the vessel was checked in her career and trembled when a heavy wave met her opposing stem, and dashed its broken surface over them; for a moment she was suspended on its water, then sunk into its gulf as it passed under

her, then the buoyant vessel rose again as with a fresh and rapid effort and dashed aside the resisting waves, until the parted billows foamed and rushed away and hurried by her.

The following day was thick, the gale not abated, and the sea higher. By their reckoning they were not far from the entrance of the English channel ; one of the most dangerous approaches after a long sea voyage in the world. The lead was " hove," but no soundings were obtained. The sun glinted, just before it sunk beneath the waves, from behind a dark and ragged cloud, and for a few minutes cast a lurid gleam along the white tops of the waves, as if to take a hasty look on the angry waters before it yielded to the empire of the night.

About nine o'clock the ship lay to, with her head seaward, until daylight, when the foresail was set, and she continued on her course. The morning broke but

no sun appeared excepting a few light watery beams on the verge of the horizon. A gloomy sky with broken and fast flying scud clouds portended an increase of wind. The captain was evidently anxious to make the land or obtain soundings, but did not succeed. As the day advanced several heavy squalls succeeded each other, one of which split the maintopsail, it was torn into ribbons and flew away with the angry blast. The ship bore up and rolled deeply in the hollow of the sea. The storm staysails were set, and by great exertion a new maintopsail bent and furled, also the topgallant masts were lowered down on deck. The ship was brought skilfully to the wind and again stood on.

As the sun went down every eye was strained to see if any land was near, but the few parting rays only discovered on the horizon a solitary vessel buffeting with the waves. The lead was often cast

but without success. During the night the ship was again "hove to;" the captain remained on deck; his anxiety was so apparent that Count Julian questioned him on the situation of the ship, and was assured that similar caution was usual, particularly in such weather, until the land was clearly made out, at least until known soundings were obtained, and that if the sea had not been so high, he would get a press of canvass on her and stand on his course during the day; but that in the present circumstances it might endanger their masts, particularly the foremast, which had not on trial given him confidence in it. The wind lulled during the night; in the morning close reefed topsails and courses were set and the ship sailed gallantly along.

The Marquesa had become so weak that she could not sit up without support; that position was the only one in which she felt a diminution of pain, and

a feeling of suffocation. The tossing of the vessel made it very difficult to render her any assistance, though every effort was made. Her thankfulness for these exertions proved the altered condition of her mind. There was also a simplicity in what she said, and in her manner, which was a certain index of the effect of prayer and a tranquillity of spirit that she had not enjoyed before. She often asked if the land was yet in sight, and was anxious to be assured of the state of the vessel; not for her own sake, for she calmly said, that "she was hastening to a port where tempests never beat," but for those around her.

The future conduct of her son was the only remaining painful apprehension she expressed: sometimes she sent for Count Julian and made him repeatedly promise not to avenge his wrongs on him. He as often told her that revenge was not a Christian feeling. Much of her time

was passed in silent prayer, and in speaking of her approaching end to those who so sedulously sought to afford her every mental consolation, and all the bodily comfort within their power. In the evening just after they had sung to the departing woman a lowly vesper hymn, they heard a shout on deck; Count Julian came down to say that the coast of Ireland had been distinctly seen on the lee bow, as the sun's parting beams illumined the summits of the high land.

The ship was brought nearer to the wind, the course stood on until midnight, when they again hove to until the morning. The atmosphere was thick, the soundings not very satisfactory, and they did not before daybreak see the Scilly lights. During the morning watch the squalls were frequent and heavy; all hopes of fairer weather were blasted, for the wind increased and was foul, accom-

panied with a thick cold fog. The captain notwithstanding beat with the hope of seeing the land again towards sunset, or of getting into soundings that could be depended on.

The sea was very high owing to the long continuance of the gale; the ship laboured greatly, and several times the waves broke over her.

The Countess and Annaline were so occupied with the dying woman that they did not think of danger. The chill and clammy sweat of death soiled her brow, her feet were painfully cold, and no longer obeyed her wish to move them. Her mind sometimes wandered, then, as if by great exertion, exhibited a more than human clearness: as she gazed upon the group that stood around her, she extended her lean and wasted arm, and invoked blessings on them. For a time after she appeared almost in a torpid state, and then awoke, and said she heard—

“The rushing wings of the angel of death, who was coming for her”—

Then paused and listened and lowly articulated—

“No, not yet—that is only the noise of the storm and hissing sea.”

At the hour of sunset the haze had not cleared away; by their reckoning and uncertain soundings they were off and to windward of St. George's Channel. The man aloft was directed to look out for lights; but the atmosphere was so thick that not a star could be seen. The ship was “laying to” and working heavily. The captain did not go below; the lead was often “hove:” as the fog increased the bell was tolled at intervals, lest any vessel should be near to leeward; they knew the sound could not be heard to windward against the driving gale.

As the night advanced the Marquesa's last hour drew near. They prayed around

her; while she appeared to exert her remaining strength in a prayer for mercy. The mournful tolling of the bell reached her amid the dreary howling of the wind; she smiled and noticed that it "was her parting knell." Her breath became thick, her eyes glazing; her lips were blistering with the hot breath from her inflamed lungs, while her limbs were chilling with the icy blast of death. Some shuddering slightly convulsed her frame, her teeth chattered, and she groaned deeply; after a pause she muttered almost inarticulately, "My son, my son;" a few seconds after she raised her hand and made with a last effort the sign of the cross, and died.

Count Julian hurried the Countess and his sister to their cabin, and induced them to lie down in their clothes on a cot, with the hopes that the dreadful fatigue they had undergone and the rock-

ing of the ship would overcome them and lull them to sleep.

In the morning the weather was still thick, and the wind very high. The captain was apprehensive from the leeway the ship had made ; he doubted whether he would remain laying to until he could discern lights or obtain some information from the lead, or whether he would attempt under a press of sail to beat farther to windward. He did not feel justified in such weather, in so much doubt to stand on, with Scilly somewhere to leeward, the Wolf Rock, and the iron bound coasts of Cornwall. Hour after hour was passed in the hope that the fog would clear away ; but night came on, the wind did not go down, neither did the fog clear off.

It was found on the following day that the disease of which the Marquesa died rendered it absolutely necessary to com-

mit the body to the deep. It was nearly midnight before every thing was ready and the corpse conveyed on deck.

The Countess and Annaline, in opposition to the desire of Count Julian, would be present.

The corpse, sewn in a cot to which some iron ballast was fastened, lay on a grating near the bulwark covered with a flag; a solitary lantern was fastened near, so that the Count could read a prayer over the dead.

They knelt around, supported by lines extended across the deck.

The bell was slowly tolled; its sound was almost carried away by the wind before it reached them. As he was repeating the prayer a heavy blast bent the reeling vessel, so that the sea gushed through the apertures in the closed portholes; the wind roared, and as it passed the rigging whistled so keenly and fierce-

ly that the stoutest heart could not hear it without feeling his breath not come so readily. Mariana and Annaline held each other, and trembling besought protection from on high. Count Julian continued the prayer; but two vivid flashes of forked lightning rapidly succeeded each other, and displayed all the horrors of a raging sea at midnight. The first clap of thunder sounded like the sudden bursting of some mighty combustible vapours; the second as if some Alpine range had split into enormous fragments and tumbled into an unfathomable remurmuring abyss.

The Countess uttered a faint shriek and clung closer to her child. The prayer was not continued. As soon as the dreadful noise had died away Count Julian said—

“Peace and mercy await our departed sister’s spirit. My brethren, cast her

body into the sea to rest there, until that sea shall obey the last mandate to give up the dead beneath it."

The body was raised to the summit of the bulwark; as the ship rose to a heavy billow that passed beneath her, and came foaming up on that side, it was hurled into the wave and carried by the violence of the surging water many fathoms away before its weight precipitated it to the silent oozy bottom of the deep.

Count Julian assisted the women below, and requested them to try and sleep; he remained until the morning watch on deck, by which time the gale had increased so as to render their situation even in the open sea dangerous. During the whole of the succeeding day the atmosphere was so thick and gloomy that the land could not have been discerned a mile from them. The wind came in heavy squalls, and veered several points, so that at one time the ship could steer

her course, at another she was in danger from the wind suddenly heading her. An old and cautious seaman boldly proposed to the captain (since they were doubtful of the spot where they were, with Scilly and all its reefs or a rocky coast to leeward) to bear up and run seaward; for it was better to be a hundred miles away than to be searching for the land in such dreadful weather.

The great solicitude of the captain and what was passing on deck soon reached the Countess and Annaline; whatever were their fears they did not tell them, but remained calm and silent, though pale, and ever and anon trembling as the ship sunk, as if to rise no more, into the hollow of some great surge, or was shaken by some wave beating against her labouring sides.

It was determined, if on the following morning they had not ascertained where they were, to bear away and try to regain

the open sea. Just before daybreak several voices called out nearly at the same moment—

“Lights full on the larboard quarter.”

“A revolving light,” exclaimed the mate.

The captain shouted—

“Heave the lead, heave the lead; it’s the Scilly light.”

Scarcely were the words passed his lips when a man called out—

“A light upon the larboard beam.”

The ship rose on a wave; he perceived it, and in a voice of great alarm told them—

“It’s the Longship’s light. What soundings have ye? what bottom?”

The mate who cast the lead replied—

“Forty-four, with fair coarse sand.”

The captain bade him sound again, and at the same time called the crew—

“My gallant lads, the ship’s embayed, and breakers are beneath our lee; but

she's yet stout: if every nerve is strained, and the masts will stand, we may beat her off until we can weather the land's end, then we'll run for St. George's Channel. Away, aloft, and loose the reefed fore course."

The men obeyed and laid gallantly out upon the yard, though the sea often nearly reached the arm of it. The weather fore clue-garnet was lowered away, while every hand on board and every muscle was strained to drag down the tack; that done the sheet was forced aft. The mainsail was set after greater exertions; more men were placed at the wheel, for the steering was now very difficult as the vessel plunged, and was at times half buried in the sea.

For ten minutes all was hope, and the wind lulled so much that the captain was on the point of ordering the close reefed topsails to be set. The morning broke, and they saw the land's end on their lar-

board quarter, and the Lizard right a head. Before time was allowed to decide and act, voices cried out—

“A squall to windward.”

Deep hollow roaring made known the coming of the hurricane. Columns of snow mingled with icy sleet and spray whirled over the raving waves, weighing them down, and sweeping up the foam from their surface. As the whirlwind neared them, the dreadful roar was mingled with rushing hisses, that sounded like the curses of a destroying demon—the bravest held his breath.

The captain with a hollow voice cried out—

“Let go the lee afterbraces; up with the helm; let fly the sheets; cut, cut away the mizen mast.”

The seamen endeavoured to obey him; but before the ship would answer to her helm the resistless whirlwind came—sleet, snow, and foam obscured the sight

and drowned the voices of those commanding. The ship was instantly borne down until her gunwale was far below the sea, though her sails all flew to shreds: even the seamen could not stand, and all expected to be ingulfed when the top-masts were carried away and relieved the bending vessel; she righted a little. Count Julian and some of the most active of the crew cut away the weather laniards of the mizen rigging; the mast fell with a dreadful crash carrying two seamen with it, who were seen no more. The vessel now veered, and soon was rushing with horrid speed before the tempest enwrapped in a winding-sheet of snow and frozen spray.

The captain with his trumpet called aloud—"stand clear o' the cables." The ship, as a desperate experiment, was endeavoured to be again brought round; but when her broadside was exposed to the hurricane, she was again nearly on

her beam ends. The main mast was carried away with a splintering crash. The captain vociferated—

“Let go the anchor.”

Before the tempest forced the vessel stern foremost beneath the deep, the cable was checked and brought her head to the wind. Again the captain cried aloud—

“Let go another anchor.”

The anchor was let go; the cables ran out amain, until the woodwork over which they passed was on fire. Another anchor was let go, and the wreck of the main-mast cleared away.

Count Julian seized the moment to hasten to the Countess and his sister: he found them with their female attendants all prostrate on the cabin floor floating with water. Some of them seemed stupified, others were screaming with terror. Mariana and Annaline were folded in each other's arms, pale, wet, and suf-

fering from fear, yet silent and imploring mercy. The Countess was greatly exhausted, and clung to her child. "Have courage," said Count Julian; "we are at anchor, and may ride out the storm."

He placed them on their bed, with as many as could sit there, and gave them some refreshing wine he found in the cabin; then left them, with a promise of returning, and went on deck to exert himself.

The ship was plunging her forecastle at every wave into the sea; the tottering foremast threatened every moment to fall; the well was sounded, and three feet water reported in the hold: all hands were summoned to the pumps; for twenty minutes they gained upon the leak.

The tempest still raved with unabated fury. Another whirlwind came; the ship parted from her cables with the blast, and drove away with the desperate elements. One hope yet remained; the last anchor

was let go ; out ran the cable ; it only for a moment checked her driving way, for it parted, and with it all hope was gone.

Signal guns of distress were fired ; they endeavoured to get the ship before the wind, that they might steer her to some bay or nook where a raft or boat might swim through the surf ; but she would not veer, but went driving on to leeward shrouded in the snow. They cried to Heaven for help and mercy ; but the tempest howled, and the vessel filled fast with water. The cliffs were discerned through the snow and the foaming surges seen breaking on them.

Count Julian carried Mariana and his sister on deck, and lashed them to a spar supported on two casks. The other women preferred being in the long boat, which was got ready to launch. On one end of the spar was Louis and Margaret and a stout seaman, on the other the

Count and two seamen. They all cried to Heaven for aid.

The vessel as she neared the breakers veered, and seemed to hurry to destruction. The captain, with coolness which rose as death drew nearer, endeavoured to steer her to where the cliffs seemed low and the surf not so high. In this he partly succeeded, and the shattered vessel flew among the breakers.

The cliffs and shore were covered with people gazing on the hideous sight without the power of assisting.

A sunken rock first beat back the vessel with a dreadful shock ; the tide flowed through the gaping aperture. Again she rose on a tremendous wave, whose foamy top far above them mingled with the driving snow, and was carried grating and rending over the sunken crags. The breaker passed on and burst upon the shore ; the heavy shattered ship lay for some seconds within the watery vale form-

ed by it and the surge that followed; the billow came, and lifted the vessel while it burst over her, and whelmed one half of the crew in a watery grave. Down went the ship head foremost on the stony beach, then swung her broadside to the surf and fell over; as she fell the boat was hurled forward and plunged beneath the foaming breaker, and seen no more. Another surge beat on the side of the wrecked and shattered ship, and rolled over them volumes of seething water; when it swept back, as it were to renew its wasted strength, it floated the spar to which they clung; the women shrieked; the savage winds tore away the sounds. Count Julian cried—"Have courage yet, and trust in Providence."

He saw Annaline's pale, terror-struck face turned towards heaven; then beheld her fall on the spar frozen and exhausted: he put his arm around her, and held her

out of the horrid surge that now raised them far above the ship, and bore them onwards to shore. As the surf rolled back, it took them near the ship again; then dashed them forward: the cord that fastened them gave way; Count Julian had but a moment left to enfold his mother with one arm, and with the other support Annaline; a piece of timber struck his arm, and tore Annaline from his grasp. He turned his eyes and saw her in the arms of a man with a rope round his body from the shore: he looked again and faintly cried—"It's Henriad; and she is saved." Another surge cast him and Mariana on the shore, where some active men seized and dragged them without the reach of the surf.

They were borne away wounded and insensible to a neighbouring house, where they were treated with every kindness and restored to animation.

It was long before Annaline was sensible; when she opened her eyes she looked around and asked—

“Where am I?” and soon after fell into a profound sleep, from which she was not roused. In the morning she again awoke; on perceiving the sea from the window confused sensations came directly crowding into her mind: she began to tremble, and then shuddering buried her head beneath the clothes. For some moments intense misery seized her mind: then her thoughts went forth over the ocean of life, to her wide and desolate, and, as the dove sought refuge in the ark, returned to him who had saved her from a watery grave. Again misery assailed her soul, and she groaned deeply; a gentle hand pulled aside the coverings, and Lady Eumenia whispered—“Your mother and brother and he who saved you are all well.” Annaline gave a frantic laugh and sprung into Lady Eumenia’s

bosom; then poured forth enthusiastic thanks to Heaven, and would rise to seek her mother.

Irene came with apparel, and was in a moment folded in the arms of her friend. She soothed her agitated spirits, and answered the quick inquiries she made for her mother and Count Julian.

“Your mother has been with you all the morning, and is gone to her dwelling not far off, and will be here as soon as you are dressed: she is almost recovered excepting from some contusions which require more time to heal. Count Julian is nearly well.”

At the mention of his name her eyes replied to Annaline's speaking look more than words could have done, and she tenderly embraced her as Annaline whispered, “My sister, my dearest sister.”

She then related to her how Henriad, whose villa was not far distant, had been attracted by the storm and signal guns

to the shore, and there with a telescope descried Count Julian as the ship came headlong on the beach, and was with difficulty prevented from rushing into the sea to certain destruction.

Some cooler men induced him to fasten a thick cord round his body, and tie two small barrels so as to float behind his shoulders. Thus prepared, he dashed underneath the breaking waves, reached the spar at the moment when she was beaten from her brother's grasp, caught her, and was dragged back almost exhausted to the shore.

Annaline at this recital was a little agitated; a slight blush overspread her pale cheek; Irene smiled and kissed her. She was soon attired, and followed her friend, who pointed to a door, then hastily returned up the stairs as if she had left something; Annaline opened the door, and saw Henriad sitting there: he rose

quickly from his seat, welcomed her, and led her towards the fire, and almost directly said—

“ Annaline, are we met never more to part?”

He opened his arms, and in an instant all his hopes were realized; for the noble girl, blushing, trembling, met his embrace, and without speaking told all her love and confidence and gratitude.

Some minutes elapsed in which volumes were told in a few short sentences. Annaline then again asked for her mother. Irene returned and told her that she was coming. She had scarcely spoken when they were in each other's arms, and were loath to separate. Count Julian's arrival with Mr. Bevirode and Lady Eumenia called their attention: Annaline tenderly embraced her brother, and returned him heartfelt thanks for all that he had done. Mr. Bevirode, who was

not forgotten, could not restrain his smile when Irene's tender eye was lighted up to pride and joy at the recital of Count Julian's conduct.

It was the second morning after the fatal day. The gales had sunk to sleep, and not a breeze ruffled the glassy surface of the distant ocean: the sun shone with more than usual splendour on a November day, and the earth looked gladdened by its rays and warmth.

There was a pause among them as if there was something to be told, which no one dared to ask; at length Count Julian said—

“We have to thank Heaven not only for our own deliverance, but for the preservation of more than could have been expected amid such a war of winds and waves. Margaret and Louis are gone forward to Bothal, with the inexplicable Andrew, who saved the former as the

surf was bearing her exhausted body to the sea. Our good friend Bevirode shares Margaret's love with him, for he prevented the greedy waves from swallowing up poor Louis."

There was a murmur of praise arose: Mr. Bevirode turned his face suffused with crimson to the fire. He had indeed held himself gallantly, and saved the lives of several of the benumbed and senseless seamen, who were washed from the spars and pieces of timber they had grasped and cast upon the strand. He continued—

"Two of the Marquesa's attendants sleep with their departed mistress in the deep. Our gallant captain lives, but is sore distressed at what has happened. Twenty of the crew are saved; the remainder have obeyed the awful summons of their God. We will look as far as lies in our power to their widows and

children. From the position into which the ship swung after she plunged upon the shore, from the ebbing tide, and the activity of the neighbouring yeomanry, who, with their officers, galloped down and protected the wreck from being plundered, every thing of consequence has been saved, and is now under the custody of the revenue. Thanks to Heaven that we are all here !”

A tear started into Irene’s eye as she glanced a look on Count Julian ; though all perceived it, no one seemed to remark it. Soon after carriages came to the door. After thanking and well rewarding the owners of the humble dwellings to which they had been taken, and bidding farewell to the captain, they proceeded on their journey. Their route passed near the spot where they were wrecked ; the shattered vessel lay on her side, bilged, and broken, surrounded

by boats and rafts carrying off every thing that could be taken away. They stopped for a moment to gaze on the mournful prospect, then went on; and on the following day arrived at Bothal.

CHAP. XXIII.

SIR Harry and Lady Eglingham received the sufferers with that affectionate kindness, the sincerity of which cannot be doubted. On their entering the saloon Mrs. Kilgrim and her friend Mrs. Skipley were warm in their congratulations, and appeared to have forgotten that any doubt had ever existed in their minds either of the conduct of Annaline, or of the accounts remitted of the occurrences in South America. They would fain have had every one else really forget that they had ever thought differently from Lady Eumenia and her daughter.

Notwithstanding the repeated attempts of Mrs. Kilgrim to mingle in the different little conversations and inquiries that were being made by many around them, she invariably failed in her desire to be

noticed and listened to. Every sentence used by Mrs. Kilgrim contained a repetition of "Lady Isabella," and continual inquiries of those around if they "did not see a striking likeness in Lady Isabella to the Countess and some to Count Julian di San Marian?" Still no one listened to her. Mrs. Skipley was so anxious to know every minute particular respecting the shipwreck and the Marquesa's death, that she had applied to Andrew, and endeavoured to understand Margaret, and would have recalled without scruple every painful recollection both in Lady Isabella (for so Annaline was afterwards called) and Count Julian for the sake of gratifying her insatiable curiosity.

Andrew had put on his round jacket and glazed hat, and was so exalted that he thought of nothing but saving people from death and destruction; and spoke of nothing excepting waves and rocks,

ships and storms, to a continually changing circle around him of valets, ladies' maids, cooks, stable boys, flunkies, and accidental comers, to whom he related all that he had seen and heard, and after supper sung sea songs in the hall. Mrs. Jobson, who had for years treated him with indifference, now spoke of him as "a man of conduct and courage when occasion called him out." It was soon observed that they were on better terms than usual; indeed she was seen to cast many affectionate looks on him, which only added to the exalted ideas he had formed of himself.

On Count Julian giving him a small Spanish sword as a token of the high opinion he entertained of the service he had performed in saving his favourite and faithful servant, Mr. Bevirode much feared that he should lose him, since he was seen several times in close conversation with a recruiting serjeant of a

regiment of horse quartered not far from the castle, and who was said to have rejected his services and spoken of him—“as some strange chap a little cracked, who was given to talk of knight errantry.”

The efforts that the Countess and Isabella had made so exhausted them that it was late before they appeared the next day. The first care of the latter was to write to the Abbess and Frances, and tell them that in a few days they might expect to see both her mother and herself.

The Countess, although weak and far from recovered from the effects of cold, contusions, and fear, was melancholy and restless and desirous of going immediately to Spain to seek for her child; she even asked Henriad for his ship to take her. He called her his mother, and told her that “he was ready to accompany her, though it would cost him much to

leave the being he adored; whom he little knew had resolved to go with her mother.

It required some skill to deter the Countess from prosecuting her intention. Count Julian assured her that he was ready and eager to go; but he thought some precautionary steps should be taken, not only lest their endeavours should be frustrated by Sularia, but lest through his power they might suffer without obtaining their object. She was so fully convinced both of his coolness in acting and his ardour of feeling that she yielded, and entreated that they would consult on what steps should be taken.

Sir Harry, Mr. Bevirode, and the other two met; and it was decided that the former and Count Julian should immediately proceed to London to the Spanish ambassador's, who had lately arrived, and whom Count Julian knew was not partial to Sularia, and inform him of

whatever was necessary towards speedily ascertaining whether Juliana was living, and to convey through him, to the Marquess di Sularia, Count Julian's determination to remove even a shadow of stigma from his father's fame.

The ambassador warmly embraced the Count, and, while a tear bedewed his aged eye, told him that he had known his father in his youth, and that if he had power he would restore his injured name to its former purity and brightness. He added—

“ But I fear it will be impossible, during the lifetime of our present monarch to wrest from Sularia your domains. He is the monarch's favourite and minister, and has unbounded power; he is too unprincipled, and would not scruple to bury you alive within the dungeons of the Inquisition. I will send my confidential confessor to Segovia, and he shall ascertain whether Juliana lives or not:

if she does, he shall go to the arch-prior, my relative, and obtain through him an order for her release unless she has taken the veil, then we must apply to a higher source."

Count Julian hastened back to Bothal with this intelligence, and Henriad's ship was prepared for sea to convey the Holy Father to Spain. He wished to accompany him; but Irene implored him not to go, at least to wait until he received intelligence from the Father. Lady Eumenia seconded her child, and he gave way, and promised not to go until he could do so with the fair prospect of being useful to others.

The Countess was delighted with the character of Henriad, and enjoyed the highest pleasure in being assured of the deep affection he bore for Isabella, who returned it with a gentle yet noble guilelessness, that could not be seen without

increasing the esteem already felt for her by all around.

Mrs. Kilgrim and Mrs. Skipley agreed between themselves never again to allow their understandings to be imposed on by a Mr. Batholik. Both affirmed that nothing could have been more favourable than their first impressions of Lady Isabella and Count Julian, which never would have been obscured for a moment had not Mr. Batholik misled them. Mrs. Kilgrim, on receiving a letter from him, read aloud a long sentence of congratulations to the party, which was received with profound silence.

Mr. Boley arrived, bringing the intelligence that Count Julian had saved eighty thousand doubloons from the wreck, and that the diamonds were worth thirty thousand pounds at least.

The Countess and Isabella left Bothal for the convent, accompanied by Count

Julian. Henriad bade a tender farewell to the woman who so well repaid him by her love for his toils, and went to put his house in order preparatory to the arrival of its new inhabitant.

Lady Eumenia and Irene remained at Bothal. Count Julian, after leaving the convent, went again to London to settle his affairs and remain at the ambassador's until intelligence reached him from Spain.

On the arrival of Lady Isabella at the convent all was hilarity and joy. The Abbess met her as a mother does the child she had despaired of ever seeing again, and Frances could not be separated from her. Isabella's feelings were in unison with theirs, she embraced the sisters, and made them known to her mother.

The Countess' anxiety concerning Juliana preyed on her, and increased so as to materially affect her health.

The Abbess asked her to make the convent her future place of abode, which she gladly accepted.

It was not long before they found that the friends of their earlier years were in many ways connected. The similarity of their feelings, their misfortunes, their former rank and adversity united them by a thousand ties that soon endeared them to each other. The gratitude of the Countess for the kindness shown to her child, would have alone insured the affection of the Abbess.

Days and days were passed in narrating all that had happened to them : the intense interest felt by the secluded sisterhood was not lessened by continual references to the tale. Those who had seen Henriad, and suspected the attachment of Lady Isabella, were ever on the alert to hear more of him. Frances and those sisters who had seen Count Julian, converted him in their imaginations into

a hero, and when they knew of his conduct into a demigod.

Several weeks passed in the convent, where all seemed happy excepting the Countess and Isabella, who were unceasingly anxious to hear from Spain, and were at times depressed. Letters from their different friends tended to relieve and amuse them.

One morning Louis presented himself at the convent gate, and delivered a parcel for the Countess. Her eyes beamed with joy when she beheld a royal declaration of her husband's loyalty, and every stain removed by a public and most honourable abandonment of the charges that had been preferred against him. This was followed by a letter from the Marquess di Sularia acknowledging the one written by his mother (which with the desk containing it had been preserved). In it he affirmed that he had done

all that he would do, and that his sovereign authorized him to say, that he could do no more. And as a proof of his respect for the services of the Count the order of the Golden Fleece was sent him by his majesty.

“What no intelligence of my child!” exclaimed the Countess, and immediately sought for Louis; from him she learnt that he was sure there was something else to come, but what he did not know, and that his master was very happy.

She was on the point of leaving the convent and proceeding to London when Count Julian was announced to the Abbess, who immediately went to the grate and there beheld him with a young and interesting woman. After a little conversation Lady Isabella was sent for, who was soon embraced by her only remaining sister. She left her, sought her mother, and told her that Juliana lived,

and would soon be there. The Countess did not speak, and her bosom heaved so much, and her agitation was so great, that the Abbess hastened to her with Juliana who sprung into her bosom; her tears brought bursting torrents mingled with joy and laughter as she folded the ill used child to her bosom. Isabella remained alone with them, and they revelled for a time in joy almost too intense for mortals to endure.

It was true that she had been stopped in three attempts to escape from the convent, and that after the last attempt she was placed in a cold damp prison below the chapel and fed for months on the coarsest food; while there the rainy season came on, she was attacked by fever and dreadful pains in her limbs, and at last given over as dead; by the kindness of two of the sisters the fever had been subdued and her health partially

reinstated. She had been strictly confined and subjected to penances for more than two years. The room to which she had been removed was at the very top of the convent, where she was allowed to walk.

She had been induced to refuse taking the veil from having accidentally overheard the Abbess conversing with an elderly woman, whose description replied to the Marquesa's, and who had spoken of her having a sister in England, and of her being the daughter of her uncle, and had given strict orders not to allow any one to have access to her: she continued—

“I thought that where there were so many injunctions and mysterious sayings all was not correct, so I resolved never to rest until I knew more.”

At these words she embraced them again and again.

The Father clearly proved to Count Julian the extreme danger of his returning to Spain. Yet it was not until Irene asked him "If he would leave her to misery to seek after riches she did not want and she despised." He hesitated; she added—

"Your father's honour stands unblemished, I could have borne the misery of your going there to reestablish that, but not for gold."

He pressed the noble woman to his bosom and vowed never to part from her again.

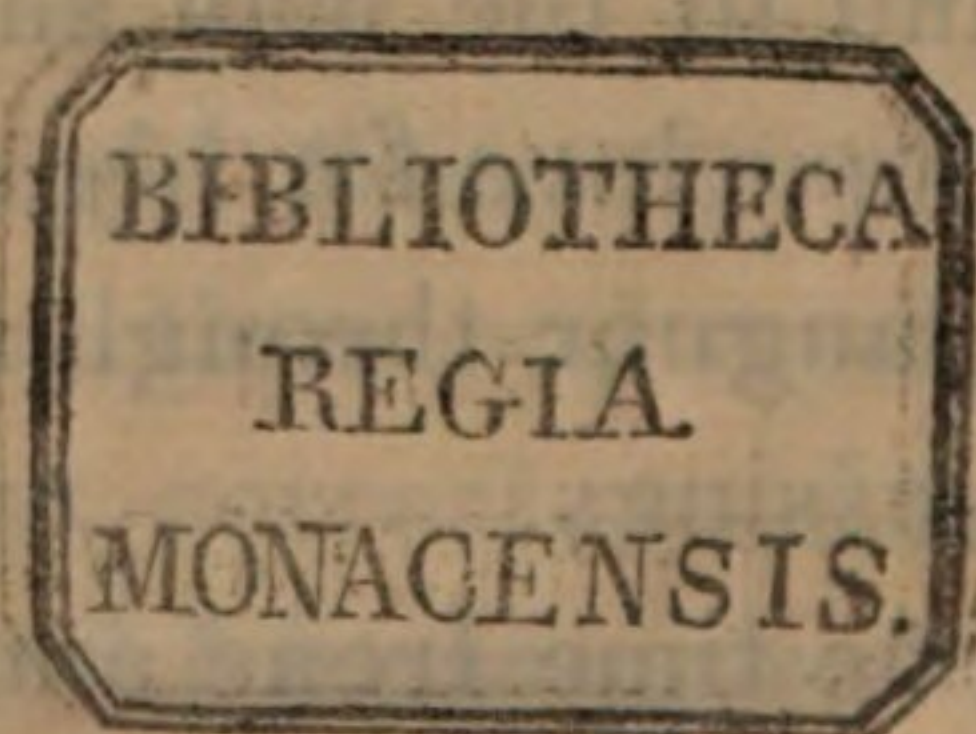
In a short time after the Lady Isabella gave her hand to the man she loved for ever, and whose love for her never knew a moment's languor through a life full of years and blessings.

At the same time Irene and Count Julian were united; "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

The faithful Louis and his bride were not forgotten, but allied at the same altar.

The Countess and Juliana lived partly at the castle and partly at the convent, thankful for the blessings bestowed on them. Some time after Juliana was married to a brother of Sir Harry Eglingham's.

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